Florida WILDLIFE

OKEECHOBEE APPOINTMENT
By CHANNING COPE

NIGHT PROWL IN THE 'GLADES

FLAT-WALLET PHOTOGRAPHY

BIG SCRAP AT GANDY

August, 1954

25 cents

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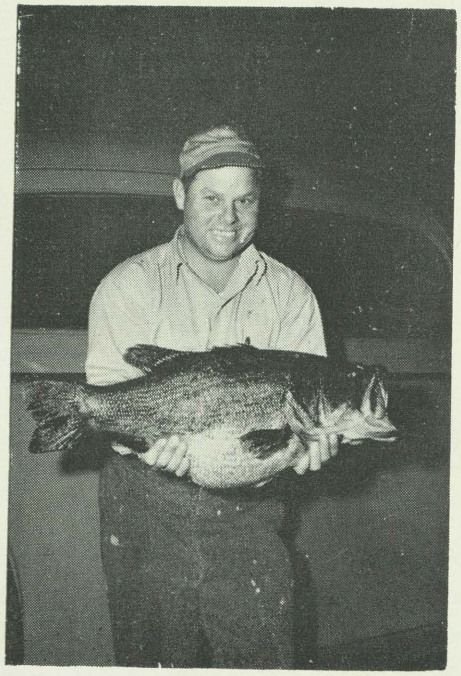
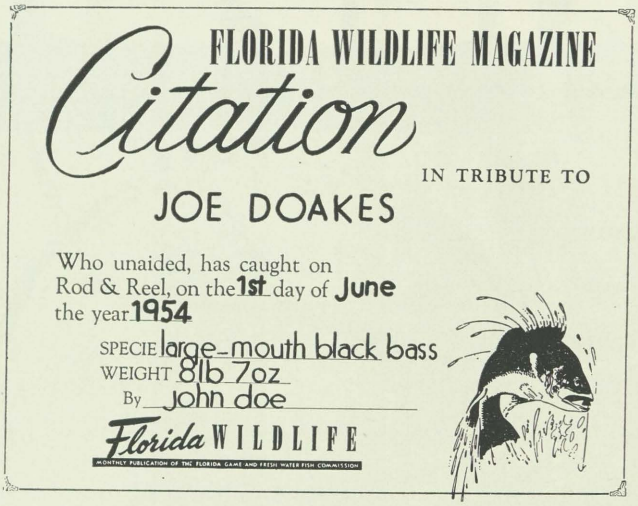
FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

FISHING CITATION

"for that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"




FLORIDA WILDLIFE MAGAZINE
Citation
IN TRIBUTE TO
JOE DOAKES
Who unaided, has caught on
Rod & Reel, on the 1st day of June
the year 1954
SPECIE large-mouth black bass
WEIGHT 8lb 7oz
By John doe
Florida WILDLIFE
MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS ..... **8 pounds or larger**

BLUEGILL (BREAM) ..... **1 pound or larger**

SHELLCRACKER ..... **2 pounds or larger**

CHAIN PICKEREL ..... **3 pounds or larger**

BLACK CRAPPIE ..... **2 pounds or larger**

RED BREAST ..... **1½ pounds or larger**

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE **Date**_____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name_____ **Address**_____

Species of Fish_____ **Weight**_____ **Length**_____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used_____

Where Caught_____ **Date**_____

Catch Witnessed by_____

Registered, Weighed by _____ **of**_____

_____
(Signature of Applicant)

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. (Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.)

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

The receipt of any and all photographs pertaining to the registered catch, including the applicant and the fish, will be appreciated by the editor for use in Florida Wildlife Magazine.

VOL. 8, NO. 3

Florida WILDLIFE

AUGUST, 1954

★

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish

★

BILL HANSEN, Editor — **MAURICE NAGGIAR, Associate Editor**

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ROSE TALLAHASSEE

NEXT MONTH

The September issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE is the one all you outdoor lads and lassies have been waiting for. . . . official announcement of the big Junior Essay Contest with all the rules and prizes. All Florida school children, grades 5 through 12 should get ready now and try for one of the hundreds of prizes to be awarded. All the prizes are things bound to increase your enjoyment of Florida's great outdoors.

★

Hunting regulations for 1954-55 will also appear in the September issue along with many hunting and fishing yarns from around the state. If your subscription is running out, renew now and receive every copy of the Florida Magazine For All Sportsmen. Use the coupon on the back cover.

★

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P. O. Box 877, Telephone 145
Okeechobee, Florida

Dear Editor,

July issue is tops. I like the "Wakulla Land" article and pics. I don't fish but take the mag anyway to learn all I can of Florida. Have been down twice and thought Silver Springs was **the** place. Now I must see Wakulla though I don't fish. So your article pleases the tourist too.

W. W. Russell
Harrisburg, Pa.

———

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a check covering a renewal for myself and for my friend and will you please back date these so there will not be a lapse between issues. My friend is recovering from a long illness and I discovered last weekend that FLORIDA WILDLIFE was one of the bright spots to which he looked forward each month.

Incidentally, we both heartily condemned your article on fox hounds a few months ago. The account of shaking terrified little foxes into the waiting mouths of a pack of hounds was utterly revolting, unsportsmanlike and unnecessarily cruel. Perhaps these "sportsmen" would have enjoyed the thrill of seeing the Romans of old as they threw unarmed Christians to the wild beasts to devour.

Personally, I feel that all of us have an equal share in the lives of our wild animals, and that it is just as fair for animals to live for nature lovers as to die for "sport".

A few weeks ago while driving through the Ocala National Forest I saw the fly covered corpse of a deer lying on the shoulder of the road. I wonder if the driver of some car got a thrill as his car bore down upon the bounding little creature. Some hunter was deprived of killing this deer. Many people were deprived of seeing it alive.

Sincerely,
Sidney P. Newell
Orlando, Fla.

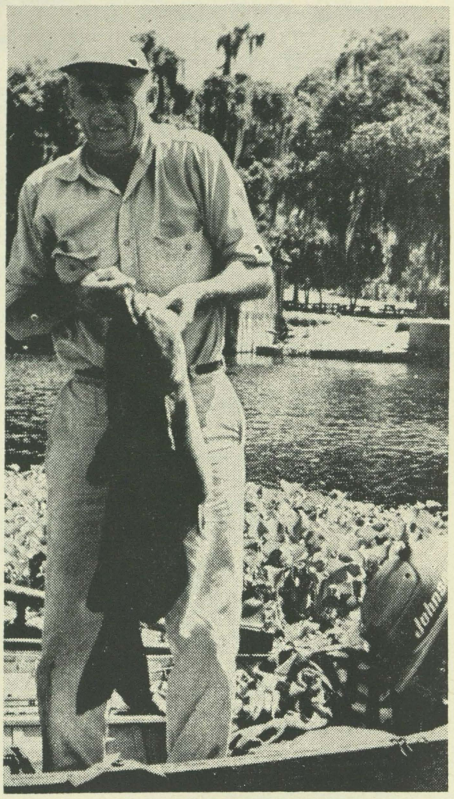
———

Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for the spinning lure. Sorry I won't be able to use it in Florida this year but I'll give it a chance in Canada.

My wife and I have never been down in Florida except February or March, but soon we hope to spend more time there and maybe we'll try fly-fishing for bass next year. So far our fishing in Florida has been fishing with fly and spinning lures for bonefish, tarpon and snook. Of all the fish I've caught I'll still take my hat off to the bonefish in Florida. Also tarpon and snook are lots of fun on fly and spinning rods. But my wife and I some day do want to try bass and other fresh water fish as we are devoted to bass, trout, and salmon up north.

Sincerely yours,
Frederic L. Yarrington
Chesire, Conn.



Gentlemen:

Every once in a while you hear of an oddity about fishing and I believe Norton Webster of DeLand considers this 37-pound catfish a bit unusual. He caught it while fly fishing for bream at the mouth of Blue Springs in the St. Johns River.

C. Schilling
Jensen Beach, Fla.

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Dear Editor:

I am president of the South Florida Anglers Club and we are looking around for a waterfront piece of property within 100 miles of Miami.

Several of our members have outboard motors and boats and others would buy boats if we had some land of our own.

Maybe some of your readers know of such property.

Sincerely yours,
Ben Rockford
400 N.W. 56th Street
Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

I am a New Zealand boy and would like Pen Pals in your country.

I will be 18 in August and would like to write to boys and girls between 15 and 25.

My hobbies are stamp collecting and reading. I would be very much obliged if you would publish my name and address in your magazine. I am

Yours sincerely,
Ian Henderson
Venice Street
Martinborough
North Island
New Zealand

Dear Editor:

The enclosed snapshot shows A. Aldridge and R. Smith of Moultrie, Georgia and their string of 15 bass caught out of Lloyd's Camp on the Ochlockonee River. The largest one was a little over 8 pounds.

Ron Lieb
Tallahassee, Fla.

Gentlemen:

May I give you my appreciation for the lure that you sent to me recently. I did not need an added incentive to buy *Florida Wildlife* magazine because, believe me, it is the best thing of its kind that I know of and always keeps me yearning to return to Florida.

It must have pretty good sales punch for I have spent eighteen straight vacations in the state of Florida.

Sincerely,
B. J. Tillman
Hamilton, Ohio

Mr. Jack Shoemaker
Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida
Dear Mr. Shoemaker:

Several weeks ago Mr. Don Carroll was in St. Augustine with the Wildlife Trailer. We want to tell you how much we enjoyed seeing the animals and hearing Mr. Carroll talk about them. Unforgettable was the resentful panther, the fierce little bob-cat, the playful, friendly bear, the gentle deer, the funny raccoon with his mask-like face, and all the other animals, snakes and fish.

We hope that Mr. Carroll will come to St. Augustine again with the Wildlife Trailer.

Your friends,
The Fifth Grade
Fullerwood School
St. Augustine, Fla.

The Fifth Grade
Fullerwood School
St. Augustine, Florida
Dear Students:

I would like to say thanks for the very nice letter I received from you today. The letter told me how much you enjoyed visiting with the panther, bear, bobcat, deer, raccoon and all the other animals. I rather imagine that these same animals enjoyed their visit with you. Have you ever thought about that, the fact that animals want to have friends, particularly boys and girls who understand them and will treat them kindly.

I think that it would be mighty interesting trying to find out all about any and all the animals, for then you will be able to understand them easier and you will know what you must do to protect them and use them wisely so that there will always be some animals and birds left for the children that come after you.

Sincerely,
Jack Shoemaker
State Coordinator
Information and Education

A wild turkey has pink or red legs and the tips of his tail feathers are chestnut brown, while the legs of a domestic turkey are either yellow or green with the tips of his tail feathers white. Also, wattles of a tame turkey are red, while on a wild turkey they are blue.

The black snake is a fast mover, but it doesn't chase people. Neither does it eat rattlesnakes or charm birds, as some say.

Florida BIRDLIFE

TURKEY VULTURE

— Bill Waller.

This useful bird is familiar to all who have lived in Florida for any length of time, for it is seldom, during good weather that he is not visible somewhere in the sky, a lazily drifting black mote riding the thermals of the upper air.

Not a bird of prey, the vulture performs a very useful function in cleaning up all sorts of carrion that is the natural by-product of the hasty bustling world below him.

In spite of the fact this bird is shy and provided with very weak talons, unable to cause death to any creature, he has through the years become a symbol of bad luck and an omen of evil to the superstitious. Even today in cartoons and stories he is portrayed as a villainous creature, and all of this, perhaps explains why he sometimes falls before the guns of boys and thoughtless hunters.

Though extremely shy of man the vulture is clannish among its own. Often as many as a hundred roost together, and it's a rare thing to find only one vulture at a carrion, sometimes as small a morsel as a snake will attract ten or more and it's amusing to watch them awkwardly hopping about and scuffling over such a find.

The vultures' powerful digestive system adds to his usefulness by destroying bacteria causing many animal diseases including anthrax and hog cholera.

The vulture is no nest builder and lays his eggs, two in number on the ground in some secluded spot.

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

News from Lake Eaton—Summer Camp:

Well, fellows, by the time you read this you will have had your visit to our Jr. Conservation Camp at Lake Eaton in the Ocala National Forest.

I know that some of you couldn't make it but for those of you who did, I know that you had the time of your lives.

For summer fun you just can't beat sleeping under a tent with the cool breezes softly putting you to sleep after a rather strenuous day of fun and learning.

Everyone says that we have a beautiful camp and that with its growth and development, it will be one of the very best in the state.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jr. Conservation Camp news:

First boy to arrive at camp—Bobby Desaulnier.

First Jr. Conservation Club to be represented—Leesburg.

Camp Cook—Mr. Frank Carver, Okeechobee.

First K.P.—Jack Swift, St. Petersburg.

First guest speaker — Mr. Earl Christopher, Ruskin.

First Camp mascots — Richard Niles, Wildwood; Robert Swift, St. Petersburg.

First tent captain—Walter Krueger, Leesburg.

First Wildlife Officer to arrive—Officer Ed Richey.

Lifeguard—Powell Adams, Lakeland.

As soon as we have all of our data on the different competitions and awards we will print them in this section. So watch for your name and the name of your club in an early issue.

And now for some of the news around the state.

Most of you by this time have read and seen the new enrollment certificate for Jr. Conservation Clubs affiliating with the State League. A club meeting the requirements necessary for membership in the league is eligible for such a certificate.

The first club to become eligible was the club in Ft. Lauderdale known as the Jr. Anglers Club of Broward County.

And now comes the second club down south, the Pahokee Jr. Conservation Club. The club will receive its certificate this fall in a ceremony. It didn't take that club long to get in there and almost be another first. They were the first in the state to bring in their state league dues payable until June 30, 1955.

Congratulations to you men in Pahokee; to the Local Carpenter's Union, No. 628; the American Legion Post, No. 90 . . . and to a very swell fellow, C. W. Orr.

You young members in the club really have a group backing you right down the line.

Here's a complete club report from the new club over in Groveland:

Membership—44.

Officers—President Billy Wilkins; Vice President Charles Robins; Secretary Ray Plowden, Treasurer Malcolm McDonald.

Board of directors to be elected.

Treasurer's report—$42.70.

Club meets every other Tuesday.

Place — Groveland High School Auditorium during school.

Mailing address — Ray Plowden, Box 225, Groveland, Fla.

☆ ☆ ☆

Top Ten Clubs for the Month of June:

1. Pahokee Jr. Conservation Club.
2. St. Petersburg Jr. Rod & Gun Club.
3. Bartow Jr. Conservation Club.
4. Allapattah Optimist Jr. Conservation Club.
5. Jr. Angler's Club, Ft. Lauderdale.
6. Groveland Jr. Conservation Club.
7. Glades Jr. Conservation Club.
8. Melbourne Jr. High Conservation Club.
9. Conniston Jr. High Conservation Club.
10. Halifax Jr. Conservation Club, Daytona; Lakeland Jr. Wildlife Club; Port St. Joe Jr. High Sportsman's Club; Rodeheaver Boys Ranch Jr. Conservation Club—tied for 10th.

☆ ☆ ☆

A welcome to new clubs organized during the month of June:

Halifax Jr. Conservation Club of Daytona.

Lakeland Jr. Wildlife Club.

Rodeheaver Boys Ranch Jr. Conservation Club, Palatka.

☆ ☆ ☆

Clubs recently reactivated:

Stuart Jr. Conservation Club.

Officers—President Tommy Christopher, Vice President Billy Christopher, Secretary Larry Brannan, Treasurer Artie Dehon.

Membership—8.

Meetings every Thursday at 7:00 p.m.

Yankeetown Jr. Conservation Club.

Membership—10.

Officers—President Charles Drelblow, Vice President Bob Thompson, Secretary Jas Reach, Treasurer Howard Pendaror.

Meeting time 2nd and 4th Saturday of every month.

☆ ☆ ☆

We are quite honored in having a most interesting letter sent to us from the St. Paul's Sportsmen's Club of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Sr. Club has read about our wonderful Jr. Conservation Club movement in Florida and are most interested in securing as much information as possible so that they may carry on a similar program.

Thanks a lot for your kind letter and you can be sure a letter with the many facts you wish to know will be sent your way. Write to us again real soon.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jr. Conservation Clubs:

Rodeheaver Boys Ranch, Palatka.

Officers—President Roland Reyer, Vice President Bobby Higginbottom, Secretary Ronald Reyer, Treasurer John McCain.

Meetings will be held twice monthly on Wednesday evenings.

Lakeland Jr. Wildlife Club.

Officers elected — President Robert Richardson, Vice President Johnny Allen, Secretary Nelson De Camp, Treasurer Betty Stillwell.

Meetings 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month.

Place of meeting—County Sportsman's Club Clubhouse.

☆

Halifax Jr. Conservation Club.

Officers — President Richard Adams, Vice President Jimmy Wilson, Secretary David Eith, Treasurer David Eith.

Membership—9.

☆

For the baseball enthusiasts:

Wildlife Officer Ed Richey in the Central Division has organized a small league made up of 5 club teams in his district. According to a recent report, Belleview defeated Wildwood by a very close score, 7 to 6.

League contains the following teams: Wildwood, Belleview, Eustis, Mt. Dora and Leesburg.

☆

Bartow Jr. Conservation Club.

P. O. Box 751, Bartow, Fla.

Membership—25.

Officers — President Lonny Lawrence, Vice President George Howell, Secretary Sonny Kirkland, Treasurer Allen Garrett.

Sponsors—Moose Lodge of Bartow.

Advisors—B. L. Timmons, deputy wildlife officer; James Mills, wildlife officer.

Treasurer's report—$27.30.

Meeting every Friday night.

☆

The Dean Mather Jr. Conservation Club in Ocala just had a reorganization meeting and elected the following officers:

President Fred Cole, Vice President Steve Hudson, Secretary Jerald Lanze, Treasurer Jack McCoy.

Sponsor—Gene Gallant.

Advisor—Don Strode, game biologist.

☆

Two vacancies due to resignations in the Bartow Club have been filled —the club's new vice president is George Howell and the secretary is Sonny Kirkland.

☆

Leesburg sends in this slate of officers — President Freddie Parker, Vice President Norman Holmes, Secretary Eddie Parker, Treasurer Jimmie Chatman (report not complete).

☆

Wildwood Jr. Conservation Club sends in this new slate of officers— President Jack Hatcher, Vice President Eddie Murphy, Secretary Jonnie Coleman, Treasurer Denny Hunt (report incomplete).

Charlotte County Jr. Conservation Club sends in a listing of officers— President Bill Hackleby, Box 17, Cleveland, Fla.; Vice President Ray Wachob, Rt. No. 1, Punta Gorda; Secretary Bernie Crews, Jr., Box 35, Cleveland; Treasurer Neal Roundtree, General Delivery, Punta Gorda.

☆

The Edward L. Constance Fish and Wildlife Club of the High School report that they now have 116 members, both boys and girls in their club.

With their report they also list the following officers — President John Adams, Vice President Jim Barber, Secretary-Treasurer Frank LaRosa.

Let's hear more from you.

At one time the Edward L. Constance Jr. Fish and Wildlife Club was one of the very top clubs. Welcome back into our fold of good fellowship and conservation.

☆

And gang, here is a pleasant surprise.

The Ft. Pierce Jr. Rod and Reel Club has become reactivated with a total of 38 members. They are about to elect a new slate of officers and secure a new sponsor. More power to you. All of us welcome you back and hope that there are many good days ahead for you with your new activated club. Their report is not complete at this time but I feel sure that just as soon as they have all of this information they will send it to the writer.

☆

And word comes from Belleview that they have 19 members.

Here is their complete club report:

Belleview Jr. Wildlife Club.

Membership—19.

Officers—President Larry Moody, Vice President O. P. Taylor, Secretary Johnny Street, Treasurer Ray Abshier.

Advisors—Mr. Henry Evans, Mr. L. S. Moody, Mr. Frank Pilot, Wildlife Officer Ed Richey.

Meeting place—Belleview School.

Time—1st and 3rd Thursday of each month.

Amount in treasury—$18.00.

☆

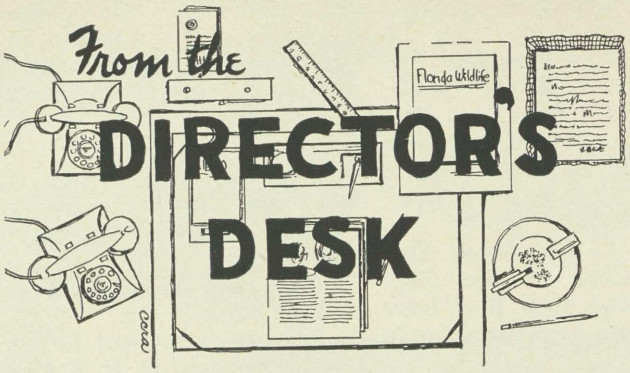
News from the only *All* girls club in the state:

The Bay County Girls Conservation Club of Panama City sends in a report that they now have 14 members in their club.

Officers — President Cathlyn McClain, Vice President (open), Secre-

(Continued on Page 32)

First club to meet all the requirements for a Junior Conservation Club League Certificate was the Junior Angler's Club of Broward County. Denver Ste. Claire (far right), executive secretary of the League, made the presentation in Fort Lauderdale. With Mr. Ste. Claire are (from left): Red Mielke, advisor; Greg McIntosh, vice president; Pete Schweitzer, treasurer; Paul Byrley, president; Dave Reilley, director; Ray Norton, president of the senior club and Frank Novak, Game Commission education officer.



By CHARLES W. PACE

As this month's column is being written, your Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission is getting well under way with its varied and widespread activities in game and fish management for the new fiscal year which started July 1st.

Readers of Florida Wildlife have no doubt been impressed by the great variety of projects encompassed by the commission's ambitious program directed toward the increase and perpetuation of Florida's great wildlife resource. Since the consideration of the annual budget has so recently occupied a major position in the minds of the Director and key staff members, it would seem appropriate at this time to discuss the jointly financed projects being carried out in cooperation with the federal government.

Often, it seems, the alphabetically designated agencies and programs bear at least a mildly distasteful connotation in the minds of the general public. Where the sportsman is concerned, however, there are two outstanding exceptions. PR and DJ, to the informed outdoor enthusiast, spell a sincere effort by their respective state wildlife organization in cooperation with the federal government to improve hunting and fishing.

The Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Act, more generally known as the Pittman-Robertson Act, or simply P-R, was passed in 1937. This act makes available to the various states, funds to be used on federally approved projects aimed at wildlife restoration. Money taken in by an already existing sporting arms and ammunition tax was therefore directed into channels which would benefit directly those from whom the tax was derived. The allocation of the tax money is made one half on the total area of the state and one half on the number of hunting licenses sold. The federal government puts up seventy-five cents of each dollar expended by the state in the operation of approved projects.

Of the $347,605 allotted the Game Management department, $196,781.25 will be supplied by the Federal government.

By far the major portion of the state's wildlife management work is financed by this federal aid. Since 1939 when PR work was initiated in the Sunshine State, the number of Federal Aid projects has been growing. During the coming year a total of 17 projects will be in operation. These include the Charlotte County Quail Investigations, Wildlife Management Coordination, Habitat Restoration for Farm Game, Florida Waterfowl Survey, Mourning Dove Study, Palm Beach County Game Investigation, Eglin Field Deer Investigation, Steinhatchee-Aucilla Wildlife Areas Development, Ocala Deer Investigation, Wildlife Inventory-Harvest and Economic Survey, Statewide Wildlife Management Area Development, Collier Wildlife Investigation, Maintenance of Charlotte County Quail Project Area, Everglades Impoundment Investigation, South Florida Wildlife Area Maintenance, Management Area Research, and Gulf Hammock Maintenance project.

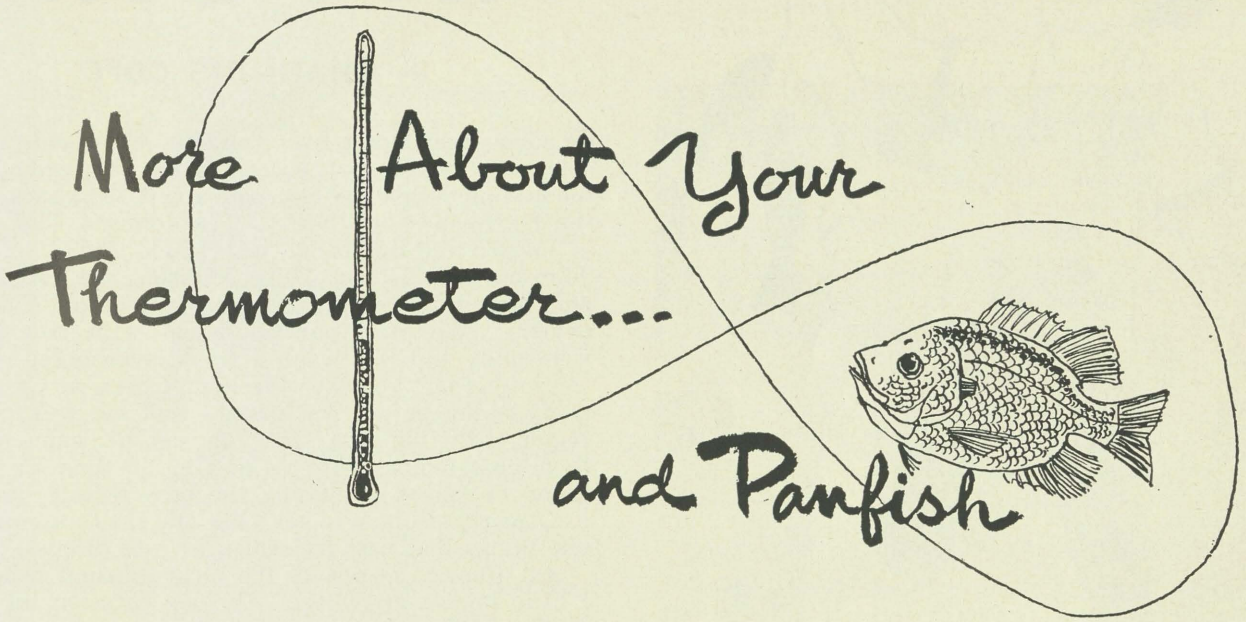
In the past, the acceptance of sport fishing as a favorite form of recreation has grown by leaps and bounds. This popularity is reflected by the three fold increase in the sale of angling licenses since 1937. It has been estimated that well over 20 million Americans annually seek the waters of the United States in pursuit of their favored hobby. In the face of this increased angling pressure, plus other factors such as pollution and siltation, the productivity of lakes and streams, taken over the country as a whole, has declined.

In 1950, the Federal Aid in Fish Restoration Act, popularly known as the Dingell-Johnson Act or DJ, became law. This bit of legislation is based on the pattern of the highly successful PR program. The revenue for DJ work is derived from the 10 percent excise tax on sport fishing tackle. Funds are allocated to the various states on the basis of forty percent in ratio to the total area of the states and 60 percent on the basis of the number of fishing licenses sold by the particular state.

Florida's share of DJ funds for the current year total $104,115. There are three major programs in progress at the present time. These include a Rough Fish Control project concentrated on Newnan's Lake, Lake Trafford, Lake Panasoffkee, and the Everglades Canals, a striped bass investigation project, and a newly initiated State-wide Lake and Stream survey.

As we enter the new fiscal year, the prospects are increasingly bright for the well being of Florida's valuable fish and game resource.

END.



By JULIUS STURM

IN A RECENT ARTICLE, I high-lighted the connection between the temperature of the air and the location of bass, with their changing feeding habits. Let's go into the same problem here, using the popular panfish as our subject.

As I pointed out previously, unlike human beings and warm-blooded animals which have an even body temperature regardless of the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, fish are cold-blooded and assume the temperature of the water in which they are swimming. And, as with the bass, if you know the favorite temperature range of panfish, and the approximate depth at which it will be found under conditions of different surface temperatures, you'll have no trouble putting a mess on the table for supper.

"Panfish," I should point out for the benefit of those who may not know, is a catch-all term which includes several distinct species of fresh-water fighters. These are the bream (pronounced "brim," and also known as the bluegill, sunfish, and copperhead), shellcracker (or red-ear), stumpknocker (black spotted sunfish, red spotted sunfish, and blue spotted sunfish), black crappie (speckled perch, calico bass), warmouth perch (goggle eye, warmouth bass, and, colloquially, the "perch-mouthed bream"), and the red-breast.

While, from the point of view of a hungry angler just sitting down to supper, there is little difference in taste, each has distinct preferences in its feeding grounds. Bream stay in the same sort of general locations preferred by the largemouth bass—weed beds, lily pads, hyacinths, etc. The shellcracker prefers clear water and a sandy bottom, usually in lakes and slow-moving streams. The swiftly-flowing water of small rivers is the favorite haunt of the stumpknocker, while the crappie likes deep holes and ledges, usually in lakes. The warmouth perch likes muddy lakes and canals, but the red-breast, like the stumpknocker, prefers his water swift.

So much for a general picture of the favorite hide-outs of panfish. It might be noted that if you catch one, you're likely to catch more in the same place, since they tend to feed in schools. Flies, small spinners, and live bait are pretty generally preferred in Florida.

When the mercury is hovering between 80 and 90 degrees, these tasty little battlers are seeking cooler climates anywhere from 7 to 20 feet below the surface. If you can find a spring hole, so much the better—they'll probably find it, too, trying to get that extra few degrees of comfort. Early morning and early evening are the best times to go after them, since these are the favorite feeding hours. The baits, whatever you use, should be medium-depth or deep-running.

The middle temperatures, 60-80 degrees, are a piscatorial idea of ideal mercury conditions, and they stay about 1-4 feet from the surface. They feed all day, but you'll still find the best times for taking them are early morning and early evening.

As the temperature gets colder, 50-60 degrees, the fish get deeper, seeking warmer instead of cooler water as they do under hot summer conditions. You'll now find them anywhere from 3 to 12 feet down, and feeding best during the warmest part of the day—around noon, as a general rule.

You have to get down from 5 to 20 feet if you want panfish when the mercury falls below 50-degrees, going deeper as the temperature dips lower. Midday is the best time, as the fish are loggy earlier and later in the day.

There's nothing mysterious about it, is there? Just a little horse-sense applied to fish tells you they'll seek the water where they're the most comfortable, just as you'll seek an electric fan in 100-degree weather, and an electric heater at 30-degrees.

Think about this tomorrow morning as you drop over to your favorite fishing hole to catch breakfast, but take a quick peek at the thermometer before you step off the back porch. END

APPOINTM

By CHANNING COPE

IF YOU ARE a fresh-water bass fisherman and mingle with others of the same stripe, you will sooner or later hear of the great Lake Okeechobee and its constant source of wonderful fishing. Of course, when you think of Lake Okeechobee you are really thinking of a continent because it is 750 square miles in area. I have been told it is the largest fresh-water lake in the United States and having come across it recently in our houseboat, *The Emissary,* I wouldn't doubt this statement for an instant. In truth, when you look out upon the open waters of this enormous lake it is no different than looking out on the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic Ocean except in color. Okeechobee is wide and thin, as one of my friends told me, and the occasional squalls stir up its waters and make it appear brownish. Most of the time, however, the Lake is clear and this is the main reason why cane-pole fishermen go there for big bream and shell-crackers. They can see the beds.

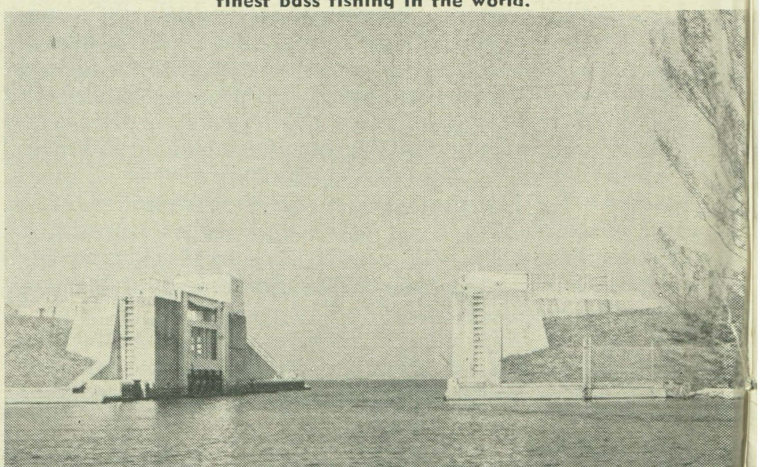
In fishing such a large body of water it is not always easy to know where to go for the best fishing. Fishermen have their favorite spots and I have been directed to every section of the Lake by well-meaning friends. It is not for me to say which part provides the biggest bass or the most strikes as I have only fished a small part of Lake Okeechobee. But if the remaining parts of the Lake turn out the bass like the Southwestern part, the Lake is a fisherman's Paradise.

The Emissary, with Ruthie Cope as Mate, Tammie (our Scotch terrier) as ship's conscience, and me as man-of-all-work, was making its way leisurely from St. Petersburg to Jensen Beach and we had counted on the Clewiston area of Lake Okeechobee for three things: (a) a visit with Eddie Jones, Manager of Clewiston Inn, (b) to kill off the barnacles which our vessel had picked up since St. Petersburg, and (c) to do some fresh-water bass fishing. We couldn't have selected a better spot, especially for the fishing. We moored alongside the city pier about 200 yards inside the Hurricane Gate No. 2. The Johnson Fish Camp is located on the canal just inside the gate. Bill Johnson and his son, Billy Johnson, are proprietors and, more interesting to us, were authorized Evinrude dealers. We push our houseboat with two 15-h.p. Evinrudes and we wanted them overhauled before continuing our voyage. We hadn't been at Clewiston many hours before we learned that we were in the region of the big bass. Bill Johnson, Sr., came aboard to discuss motors with us and in no time at all we found ourselves discussing the bass fishing, lures to use, the type of boat to get there and the thousand-and-one things that bass fishermen love to discuss.

Bill Johnson is one of the most unusual fishermen I have known anywhere. On one occasion he fished for bass 135 days in a row and kept a record of the weather conditions, the best fishing hours, the numbers caught, the lures he used, and what the bass were feeding on. On another occasion he followed the same procedure for 175 days, and still later on again followed the same procedure for 238 days in a row. It goes without saying that any man who is this meticulous about collecting records would naturally be a very fine fisherman. As one of the number of men in the field of computing the best hours of each day for fishing, I was particularly anxious to check Bill Johnson's figures with my own. There was no question but what our hours for the best fishing were almost identical. I have been checking for more than a year with friends who were kind enough to follow my tables but Bill Johnson was the first man I had ever contacted who had had such profound experience over so long a period of time.

Billy Johnson, the son, was on a boating trip when *The Emissary* arrived at Clewiston and did not return for several days. He does most of the motor work and was soon aboard our craft inspecting and adjusting our motors. Billy is like his father, a master fisherman, and it wasn't long until he had invited me to go with him to a selected part of the Okeechobee to pick up a few bass, as he termed it. I was glad to note that he carried a tub, a gunny sack, and some ice in his boat; this meant he fully expected to come

Outside these hurricane gates lies Lake Okeechobee and some of the finest bass fishing in the world.



E NT IN OKEECHOBEE

back with fish. We checked with my fishing tables and learned that 5:15 p.m. was the suggested time for the best afternoon fishing so left the Johnson dock in Billy's boat at 4:30 sharp.

A moderate breeze was sweeping across the great lake, causing a riffle just under the white caps size. Billy called me forward in the boat when we had pushed out beyond the Hurricane Gate and told me to sit up close behind him so as to avoid the spray; "I'm going to open her up in a minute, and you'll get wet if you don't." I was somewhat familiar with the geography of Okeechobee and decided we were heading for Observation Island, about 15 miles Northwest of Clewiston. This proved to be correct. I noticed the speed recorder on the outboard-driven boat showed 27 miles per hour after Billy "opened her up." When we arrived at the edge of the Island which was in thin grass about two feet out of water, Billy cut off the motor and we fished the grassy area with a weedless spoon with a pork chunk attached. Billy used a spinning outfit and I used a casting rod. We were a little early for our appointment with the fish so dallied about in the grass making casts and discussing previous fishing in the area. At 5:10 Billy paddled us quietly through the grass to the first of a series of clear, open ponds or lakes. There were quite a number of them and to some extent appeared to be clear blue islands in a sea of brownish grass.

Business picked up at once. The moment I saw the still, protected waters I said to Billy, "Isn't this the ideal place for a top-water lure?" and he agreed. Now, I have a minnow, or rather *had* a minnow, known affectionately to me as a froggie popper and I reached into my box for Old Pop, as I called him. Years ago a Georgia cracker guide had taught me to love this particular bait. He had noticed my futile efforts to take fish by retrieving it under water and had taught me to bring it back in a series of minute jerks on top the water, making it act like a frog. From that day in 1926 I had used this surface popper whenever the water was unruffled and wherever it was clear. It was a battle-scarred veteran and hero of many a tussle with the large-mouth bass in Georgia and Florida. Billy Johnson's father had remarked on seeing it, "Now, that's a dangerous plug. When a plug gets that old and beat up, it's just getting right for catching fish." I was eager to put it to work now. Billy used a spinning edition with frog finish and the two of us went to work.

As in most other permanent fresh-water lakes, there were floating islands of hyacinths and a lesser number of islands fringed with bonnets. Here is the feeding ground of both bream and bass. I leaned back in the boat and waited for Billy to make his first cast. It was early in the bass season and they were striking short. Billy had four strikes before he hung one securely and landed him.

I began to cast Old Pop, getting closer and closer to the bonnets. I am one of those fishermen who has an inherent fear of casting the lure up into the grass or on shore and it takes me a little time to work up to the proper distance. It was not until about 5 minutes later that I took my first bass. It was a twin to Billy's and weighed a pound and a half. "Aren't these yearling bass?" I asked. Billy said, "We call them little buck bass."

We checked the tackle situation carefully before venturing forth.

In each of the pools or lakes Billy or I, and sometimes both of us, would take a bass. Apparently the splashing of the caught fish and the noise of boating it and adding it to the galvanized tub momentarily frightened the fish remaining in our pool so, we would move on. We had taken several bass each, all of them males, incidentally, and moved on into a selected bonnet-edged pool that looked as though Isaac Walton himself had designed it. "What a magnificent spot for a bass!" I told Billy. "You said it!" he agreed. "I call it the Last Chance because if I can't catch a bass here, I may as well go on home." I looked over the area lingeringly and with suppressed excitement let go the first cast. Have you ever seen a splash made from dropping a huge stone from a bridge or some other high point? Well, that was the response I got. Billy shouted, "He's a whopper," but anyone could see that. Billy dropped his rod, grabbed the paddle and began to back the boat away from the thrashing fish. "I'll give you some room to fight him," he shouted. And what a fight it was! Twice the bass ran toward me and it was all I could do to take in the slack to keep from losing him. Once I thought I had lost him but when the line was taut again he was still there, surging and slashing and fighting with every ounce of his strength. Twice he almost made it to the bonnets and my heart stood still. There was nothing to do but "horse" him for a few feet and hope that the line would hold. It was 9-lb. test but was not too new. Yet I had never broken a line while taking a bass. The battle raged for about twelve minutes (at least that's what we figured afterwards) before the bass tired and I began to draw him alongside the boat. He or she was a dark, glistening beauty riding steadily though slowly, half on its side as it neared Billy's outreached fingers. Then it happened! With a final half-

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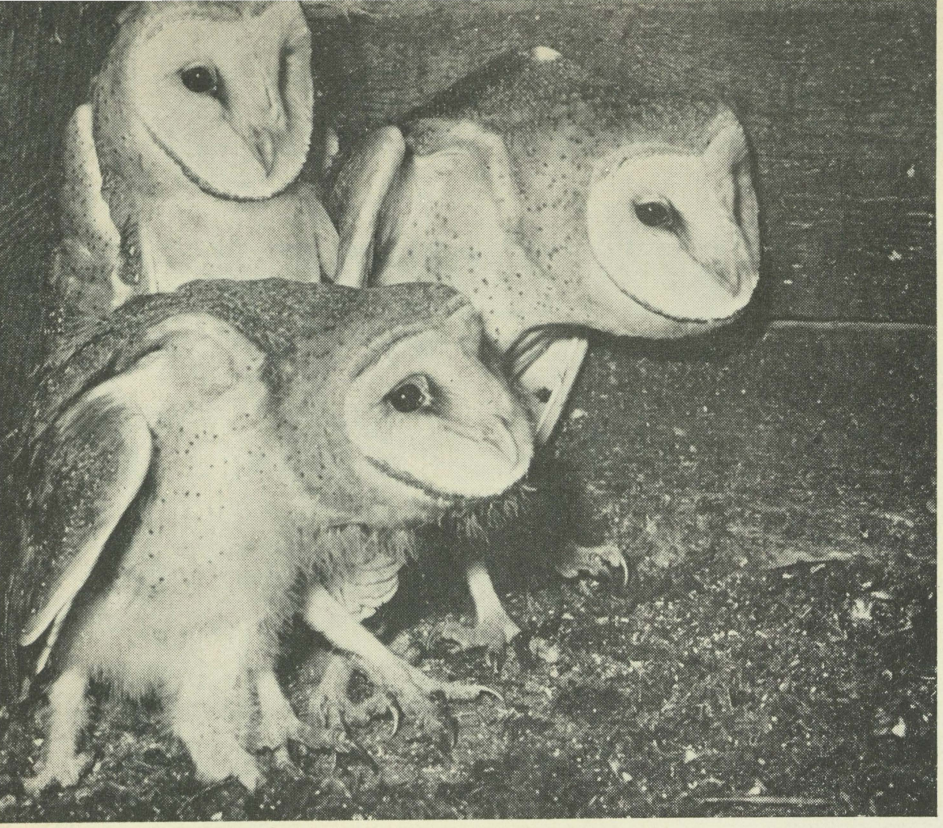

These owls retreated to the farthest corner of their cage to avoid having their picture taken, but a midget flash bulb solved the problem. Similar photos are within the capabilities of low and medium priced camera models having built-in flash or flash attachment features.

FLAT-WALLET PHOTOGRAPHY

By EDMUND McLAURIN

"When Fred's fish felt the hook he boiled up out of the lake, fighting mad. I counted nine jumps in all. I tell you, it was a beautiful sight! Now, if only I'd had a camera in the boat....."

I smiled in silent, sympathetic understanding. Back in 1937 I, like many thousands of other Floridians who hunt and fish, had many times wished I could have recorded some of the action-packed moments that came to me afield and afloat. Now, if only I'd had a camera....

Necessity forced me to take action. Writing hunting and fishing stories for national magazines, and feature articles for Sunday supplements, I often needed good photographs to illustrate my work, and finding ready-made ones to fit a particular story proved almost impossible.

Up until that time, I had not made any pictures except a few family group and pet photos, taken with a box camera inherited from a family member who used it around 1890, so had to start from scratch and learn a few basic fundamentals of good photography. I invested less than a dollar in a book, "How To Make Good Pictures", which I found in a local camera shop, and gave it several careful readings.

Meanwhile, I had been looking around for a quality, reasonably-priced camera. I wanted one that would be compact, but utilizing a negative large enough to give a sizeable contact print; sturdy and quite capable of enduring the rigors of travel in tackle box or game bag; fast and fairly simple to operate; preferably one with an anastigmatic lens and sufficient shutter speed to stop ordinary action, and inexpensive as regards initial cost and subsequent use and maintenance. Seemingly, my wants were many, but, surprisingly, I found them all in a name-brand camera model costing less than twenty-five dollars. This figure included a yellow filter, a lens hood and a portrait attachment. The camera made eight negatives, size 2¼x3¼ inches, on roll film.

Frankly, my first couple of rolls of film were a little disappointing, but once I became used to my camera's features, and absorbed more of the text in the instruction manual, I began to get clear, sparkling pictures. One of my earliest attempts at typical hunting and fishing photos won a national contest, and from then on the going was fairly easy.

Though succeeding years and photographic assignments gave access to Speed Graphics, Rolleiflex and Graflex cameras, Leicas and other expensive, specialized professional equipment, it is significant that at least 90% of the pictures I have made for reproduction in the form of magazine or newspaper illustrations have been taken with simple, inexpensive equipment—the great majority with the little folding camera I purchased in 1937 and am still using! Readers who are proud owners of fine equipment as represented by an expensive Leica, Contax, Speed Graphic, Omega, Rolleiflex, Exakta or Kodak Chevron need not be offended. You have photographic equipment rated among the best and you know it.

My point is that the average hunter and fisherman need not miss out on making a cherished picture record of unusual or successful trips by reason of not being able to invest in professional-class equipment.

There is even a basis for argument against using expensive cameras for the making of snapshots under some of the rugged picture taking conditions that frequently go to make up a hunting or fishing episode. Spray thrown by a moving boat, beach sand, rain and accidental dropping can ruin an expensive camera as easily as a less expensive one. In the professional camera class shutter repairs are costly, and you are out of luck unless you carry camera insurance with an all-risk clause.

When taking pictures from a boat, there is always a chance of costly mishap. Once, while photographing the harpooning of a large hammerhead shark from a small boat, I lost my balance and fell overboard, cam-

era in hand. A complete camera overhaul by the factory cost less than ten dollars. Had I been using an uninsured Contax, Leica or any of the other more costly cameras it would have been a very different story. Another point: I lost only eight pictures that day; it might have been a 36 exposure 35mm. loading, in which case I'd have also been out the time, effort and potential picture possibilities of the longer, and more expensive, roll film.

In the field research required for the preparation of this article, many makes and models of cameras were tested to determine their capabilities and limitations. Attention was centered on those most likely to be within the means of the average sportsman. Models selling for $50 or more were not considered.

The research definitely established one paramount fact: With current camera models especially, it is quite possible to make a broad variety of pictures for a surprisingly low investment in equipment. In fact, a simple, fixed focus, box-type model, product of a big American manufacturer of photographic equipment, made one of the best illustrations appearing with this article. The little camera sells for less than $6, with yellow color filter and portrait lens attachment included.

Beyond doubt, present day camera models are far ahead in features, value and versatility when compared to models of only a decade ago. Today, there is a wide range for personal selection of a moderately-priced, precision camera from among many famous brand names, in box-type, folding, miniature and reflex models. Prices range from four dollars to $47.50. For less than fifty dollars you can have modern photographic equipment that will take pictures of professional quality, properly used! Some models handle color film admirably, too.

Least expensive is the simple-operating, fixed focus, box-type camera. Most models have shutter speeds of around 1/50 of a second, plus bulb or time exposures, and many are flash synchronized for indoor and night use. Probably more good pictures have been made with box-type cameras than any other model. One Florida photo finisher, now handling one of the state's major

This deer lives in captivity, but, like a wild one, seldom stands still when folks are around. A moderately-priced folding camera, set for 1/100 second shutter speed, made this walking pose an easy picture to take.

streams of photo finishing work, has stated that he would credit box cameras as being responsible for 70% of his almost staggering volume.

More advanced is the compact folding camera, offering large picture sizes and a variety of lens and shutter speeds, greatly increasing picture making possibilities. The folding cameras are the general-duty cameras of the field, have scale or range-finder focusing, and have a reputation for taking a lot of punishment in active life.

Miniatures, now riding a peak of popularity, are small, light and easy to carry; use small size film and are much used for candid shots. They require more precise focusing and exposure as any errors in making the pictures will be magnified and emphasized when the small-sized negatives are enlarged by the finisher.

Reflex cameras permit you to see the planned pictures in actual, finished size. Because the negative area is square, there is no need to turn the reflex camera sideways for their making. Models with reflecting-type focusing are to be had for less than $50—in fact, many of them are reasonably priced—but the twin-lens models, where two precision lens are coupled together for critical focusing on a ground glass, are more.

For average outdoor photography, the sportsman-photographer will get very good results with the orthochromatic-type films of medium speed and sensitive to all colors except red. The orthochromatic emulsions are marketed under such trade names as Verichrome, All Weather Plenachrome, Sensachrome and other similarly identifying names. The chrome type films are considered excellent for all around use, and give good results in combination with certain color filters, especially light yellow. They frequently enlarge nicely, too.

The panchromatic, or "pan", films are sensitive to all colors and speedily affected by light. They are the

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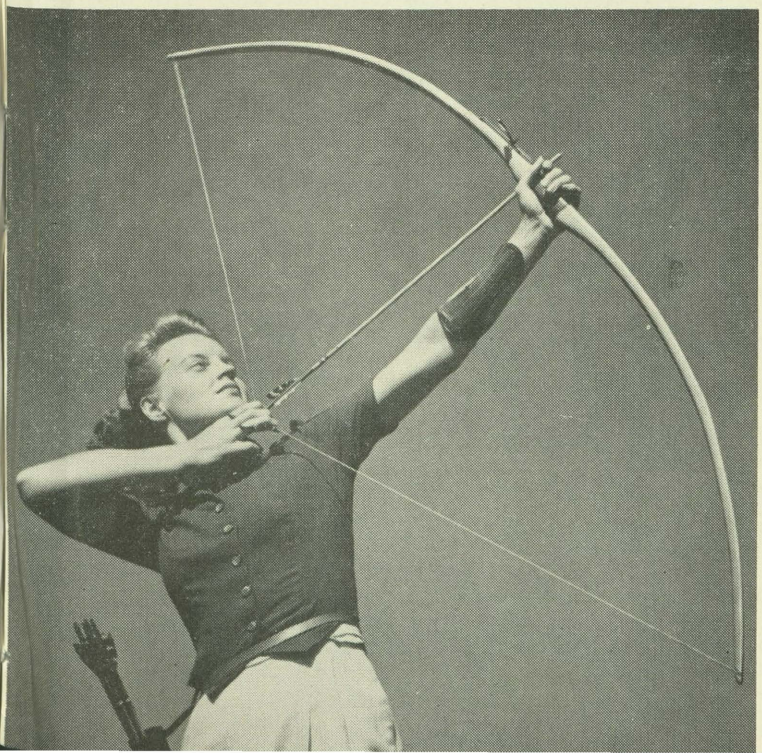
Natural sunlight, a low camera angle, and use of a filter to darken the sky and provide contrast, gave the results shown.



picture like this is possible with a camera of any price range. An inexpensive model Ansco made this one.

prima donnas and the most versatile of the film emulsions. The panchromatics are ideal for indoor photography, for picture taking under unfavorable conditions outdoors and for photographing fast action at high shutter speeds.

"Pan" type film may be medium speed, for taking pictures in good light combined with slow shutter speeds; fast, for general indoor and outdoor use; and extra-fast, for taking pictures under unfavorable lighting conditions found indoors and out, and in combination with very high shutter speeds and small apertures. There is even a *slow* panchromatic film, for micro-filming papers and for general copy work.

Highly sensitive panchromatic film is easily ruined if one is the least bit careless in its handling. Be especially careful of roll film loading and removal operations; carry them out in subdued light or darkness whenever possible; never in direct sunlight if it can be avoided. Roll film users should also keep the metal, blackout slide in place over the counting window except when advancing the film for a succeeding exposure, to prevent possible gradual fogging of the film. Unprotected panchromatic film—cut, film pack or roll—must be handled in total darkness. You can't be too careful!

Your local camera supply dealer will be glad to tell you more about the various films and how they should be used in your camera. It is a good idea to select one or two types of film and stick with them until you are thoroughly familiar with their properties and peculiarities.

Color filters and a portrait lens attachment greatly increases your picture making versatility, at little added cost. The average amateur who does not rate his hobby ahead of hunting or fishing will need only a couple of filters and a portrait attachment to take a wide range of subjects.

Select a light or medium yellow, all purpose color filter for scenic cloud effects and contrast when using either orthochromatic or panchromatic films; and a light green one for the "pan" type emulsion, especially where you want to make contrasting pictures involving dark green foliage as background for a dark foreground subject.

Because a filter holds back some of the light that would otherwise reach the film, you have to increase the normal exposure as required to compensate for the filter factor. All filters come with recommended instructions, or your photo finisher, or an experienced photographer friend, will probably have some worthy suggestions regarding their use.

Where the light is extremely bright, or where panchromatic films are used in box-type or fixed focus cameras, yellow filters can frequently be used without allowing filter factor, the extra sensitivity or speed of the film automatically compensating for the added filter. A little experimentation will show just what average results can be expected.

All filters and portrait lens attachments should be of good quality and, like the camera's lens, must be kept clean. Remember that light must pass through both the filter, or portrait, attachments and the camera lens to properly record the subject on the film. Any imperfections in either, or dirty smudges on camera or auxiliary attachments, will affect the negative's quality and sharpness.

You will get better pictures if you fit your camera with a lens hood, used by most professionals and the more successful of the amateur photographers. This shade slips over the camera's lens-mount and shades the lens from light coming from objects outside the area covered by the lens. A lens hood finds practical use when subjects are side lighted, or when unshaded lights are present to cast undesirable reflections on the camera's lens. You can get them with adapter rings that permit their use in combination with filters and portrait attachments. They are easily attached and removed.

Flash photography, a necessity for fast photography indoors and at night, has a definite place in the making of outdoor pictures in bright sunlight, too. Use the added brilliance of one of those midget flash bulbs to give you desired detail in heavy shadow areas—as in faces shaded by large-brimmed hats, and for subjects partly in shade and partly in bright sunlight. Use of flash adds life and detail to what might otherwise be just an ordinary picture.

A lens opening stopped way down, and shooting with the sun directly behind the subject, gave this silhouette of a Florida hunter and his prized Canadian goose kill.

A number of the inexpensive, box-type cameras now come equipped with built-in flash synchronizers. To use them, you simply stick in a flash bulb, aim and squeeze the shutter release. Others require adjustable synchronizing attachments that will time the flash bulb's peak of brilliance to coincide with the full opening of the camera's shutter, and must be adjusted for each camera on which the attachment is used.

If you suspect that your adjustable synchronizer is not working harmoniously with your shutter, try checking its accuracy the easy, practical way recommended by Lee Wulff, noted sports photographer. If Wulff thinks his flash and camera shutter synchronization is a bit off, he sets his camera for a high shutter speed, points loaded camera at a large mirror and shoots.

The idea, of course, is to make a picture of the exploding flash bulb as reflected by the mirror. If the exposed, developed negative shows the flash bulb burned out or almost so, then the shutter is obviously opening too late. If the bulb photographs unburned, the shutter is opening too early. Synchronization is ideal when the burning bulb appears on the negative at maximum peak brilliance, indicating good teamwork between flash unit and shutter.

As regards a snap judgment of required exposure for outdoor pictures, I have found it advisable to take a chance on slightly overexposing a negative rather than underexposing. A good finisher can often get a very good print from a slightly overexposed negative, but, without expert retouching, cannot put in detail that was never captured by underexposed film in the first place.

Of course, use of a light meter of reliable make will eliminate much of the guesswork of proper exposure. Certain recent models no longer require personal application of the mathematical principle that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Their use entails no time-consuming comparison of meter reading with its corresponding value on shutter time, film speeds and camera aperture scales. Instead, once set for a particular film speed, they thereafter give a "one answer" guide to correct exposure. Just aim one of these new meters at the subject to be photographed —the indicator-needle swings directly over the necessary camera setting as indicated by an f. numbered scale. You read correct exposure as easily as you would read your watch.

Early camera models had their lens stops numbered in "U.S." (Uniform Scale) figures, a system now obsolete and succeeded by the f. numbered scale. The "f" system indicates the factor of a lens (not focus) as expressed by the relationship of the focal length of a particular lens and the size of its opening or aperture. The proportional size or "value" of an f. numbered camera aperture is obtained by dividing the focal length of the lens by the diameter of the aperture or stop opening. The "speed" of a lens is not a camera's shutter speed but the largest f. stop that will give a sharp image from corner to corner of the film, with an opening a certain proportion of its focal length. But this article is not intended to be technical; if you want to know how the focal length of a lens relates to film size and other technical points, consult some of the photographic texts in your local library. Most of them are simply expressed in concise, understandable terms.

For the convenience of readers who may have old, but still usable, cameras with a U.S. system scale, the following table of comparison with the modern f. ratings will be helpful:

U.S. :	1	2	4	8	16	32	64
f/stop:	f/4	5.6	8	11	16	22	32

Stop openings regulate the amount of light passing through the lens. Combined with shutter speeds, they control exposure and depth of focus. The latter is the distance, in front of and behind the subject focused on, within which details in the picture will be sharp and distinct. The smaller the opening the greater the depth of focus.

Shutter speeds and f/stops can be jiggled about to

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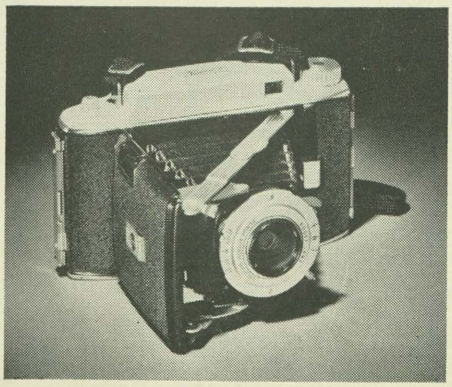
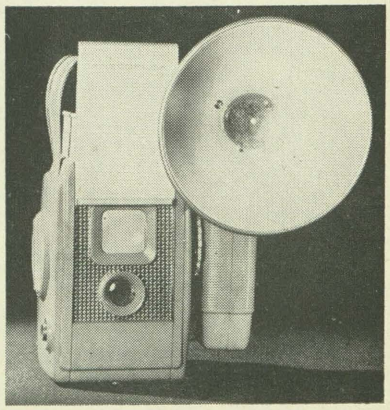
The Brownie Hawkeye shown at right is an ideal economical box camera. It gives you daylight snaps and flash shots—in black and white or full color. Camera $6.95, flash $4.00.

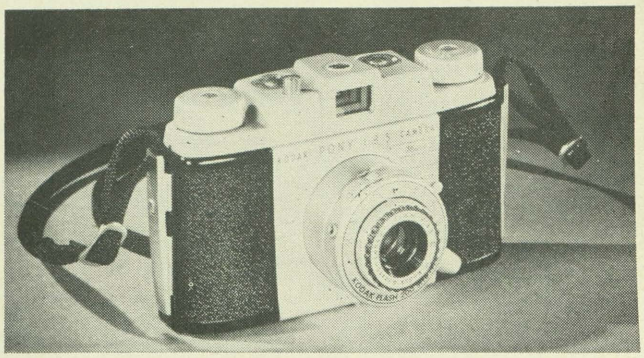
Below is the Kodak Tourist II, a good illustration of the folding camera. These cameras are easy to carry and have many exposure controls. Price $24.75.

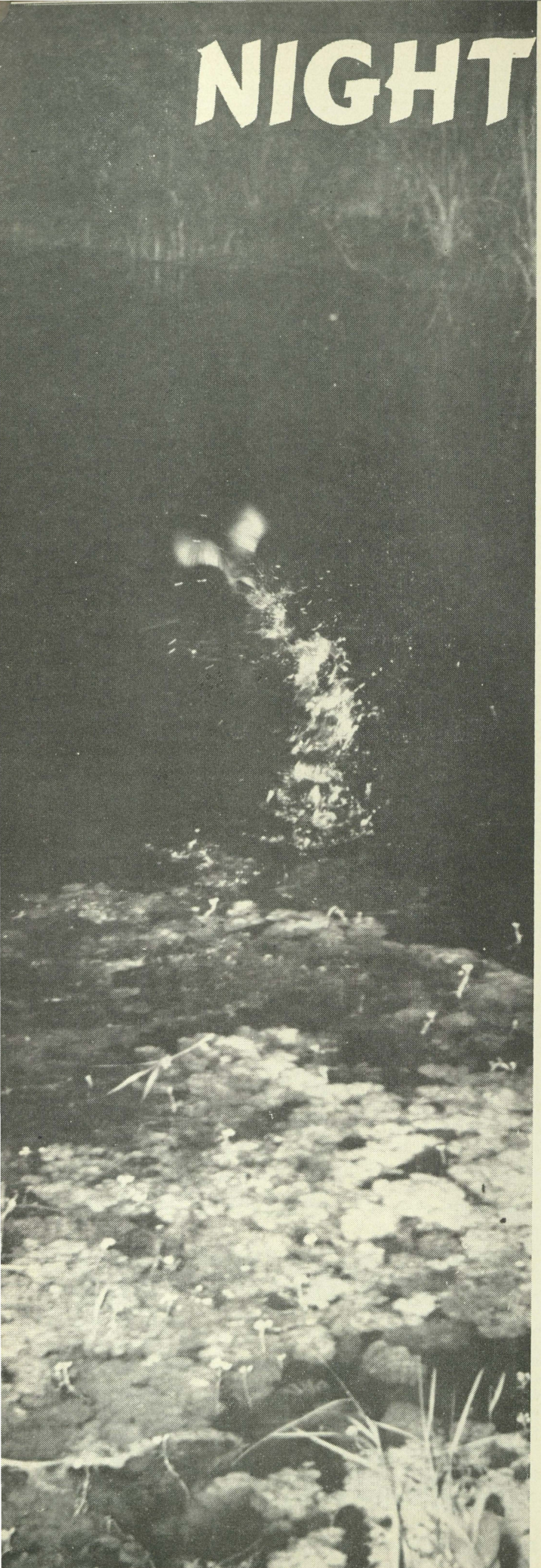


The reflex cameras such as this Anscoflex are becoming more and more popular. "Picture Window" previews each exposure in full size. Price $15.95.



Kodak Pony 135 is for the 35 mm fans and is exceptionally well adapted for color slides and contains 20 or 36 pictures per roll. Price for this model is $34.75.





NIGHT PROWL IN

At night the 'Glades take on a new look, complete with sound effects.

THE EVERGLADES at night are different, dark and strangely enough—NOISY! Anyone who has been on a night prowl in the 'Glades will testify that the vast area which sprawls across the lower part of Florida is just as interesting in the moonlight as in the sunshine.

However, not too many people have yet taken up prowling in the 'Glades at night, although it is becoming a popular Saturday night event for many from December through April in the Everglades National Park near Homestead.

During the park's winter—and most important season — prowls are conducted from the Royal Palm Ranger station in the Everglades National Park under the guidance of a park ranger-naturalist. The weekly hikes are held regularly at 7:15 p.m. on Saturday unless the weather prevents, and have attracted as many as 50 people for a single outing. The prowls were first held during the 1953-54 season.

The appeal of the out-of-doors at night attracts not only adults, but children as well. It makes an excellent family outing, and being held early in the evening permits even very young children to make the trip. And they love it!

There's no fee or offering. Your only ticket of admission is your interest—shown by your presence—and a flashlight which comes in handy while strolling in the dark.

The prowl party starts from the modern Royal Palm Ranger station. And the curtain goes up immediately on the wildlife acts. In an unkempt cypress tree in the lagoon near the ranger station is the first 'Glades creature to be seen—a huge white heron, who normally disdains the spotlight of fame thrown upon him by the many flashlights which probe his roosting place.

Usually he ignores the winking lights, but sometimes he awkwardly flaps away to a darker spot in the neighboring sawgrass, returning to his favorite roost after the Saturday night prowlers are gone.

While you're still along the banks of the lagoon, your flashlights seek out alligators swimming or laying half submerged on the opposite shore. Despite the darkness—which varies with the stage of the moon on a particular night—you find it is not difficult to locate the 'gators by the reflections from their eyes.

Each prowler quickly learns you can tell the sex of a 'gator by the color of the eyes. A pair of red coals gleaming in the darkness means a husky male lurks in the black waters. A pair of greenish eyes announces the presence of a female or a young 'gator of either sex. And it is surprising how many red and green lights can be seen along the edge of the pond.

Prowling at night has an unexpected advantage. The flashlights' beams can probe beneath the surface of the lagoon, and reveal underwater life that would be invisible in daylight. Gar fish are plentiful and actually appear to be spotlight lovers, languidly swimming out of the circle of light if they bother to move. However, let a 'gator slosh in the vicinity—they love

THE 'GLADES

By MAX HUNN

Alligators are plentiful near the Royal Palm Ranger station. This one was surprised heading up a small creek which passes under the road. He didn't seem to mind the flashlights of the members of the night prowl.

to eat gars—and the gars disappear but quick like.

On the edge of the lagoon your flashlight can pick up snails' eggs and grasshoppers. In the shallow water can be seen bream, and occasionally a turtle who appears much disgusted—if a turtle can appear that way—at the probing lights. You may be lucky enough to see a bass searching for minnows, or some other underwater specimen.

From the lagoon you move down the road towards the entrance to the Anhinga Trail, pausing to inspect each bit of water, to watch coots in their waddling flight across the water and lily pads, or to see a 'gator crawl up a shallow stream bed, with perhaps only his snout above water, but its ungainly body outlined against the white sandy bottom by the flashlight beams.

It's during this part of the prowl that everyone suddenly realizes the 'Glades are noisy at night. Strange sounds are heard in the underbrush. A coot splashes across the pond. In the distance rises the wailing cry of a limpkin. A bullfrog grunts close at hand, and others answer in the dense sawgrass. Gradually each separate sound takes on a tone of its own. The silent glades are no longer silent.

And then the Anhinga Trail is reached. You move quietly, very quietly—the ranger specifically requests subdued lights and muffled talking to prevent scaring the roosting birds—out onto the boardwalk over a swampy part of the 'Glades. In daylight this walkway is one of the most popular attractions of the national park, and it loses none of its appeal by moonlight.

At the observation station, you again probe the darkness with your flashlights. A couple of husky 'gators put on a brief act by slowly swimming into sight, their eyes pinpointed by the lights, and then as if deciding they've done their part, slowly submerge and disappear.

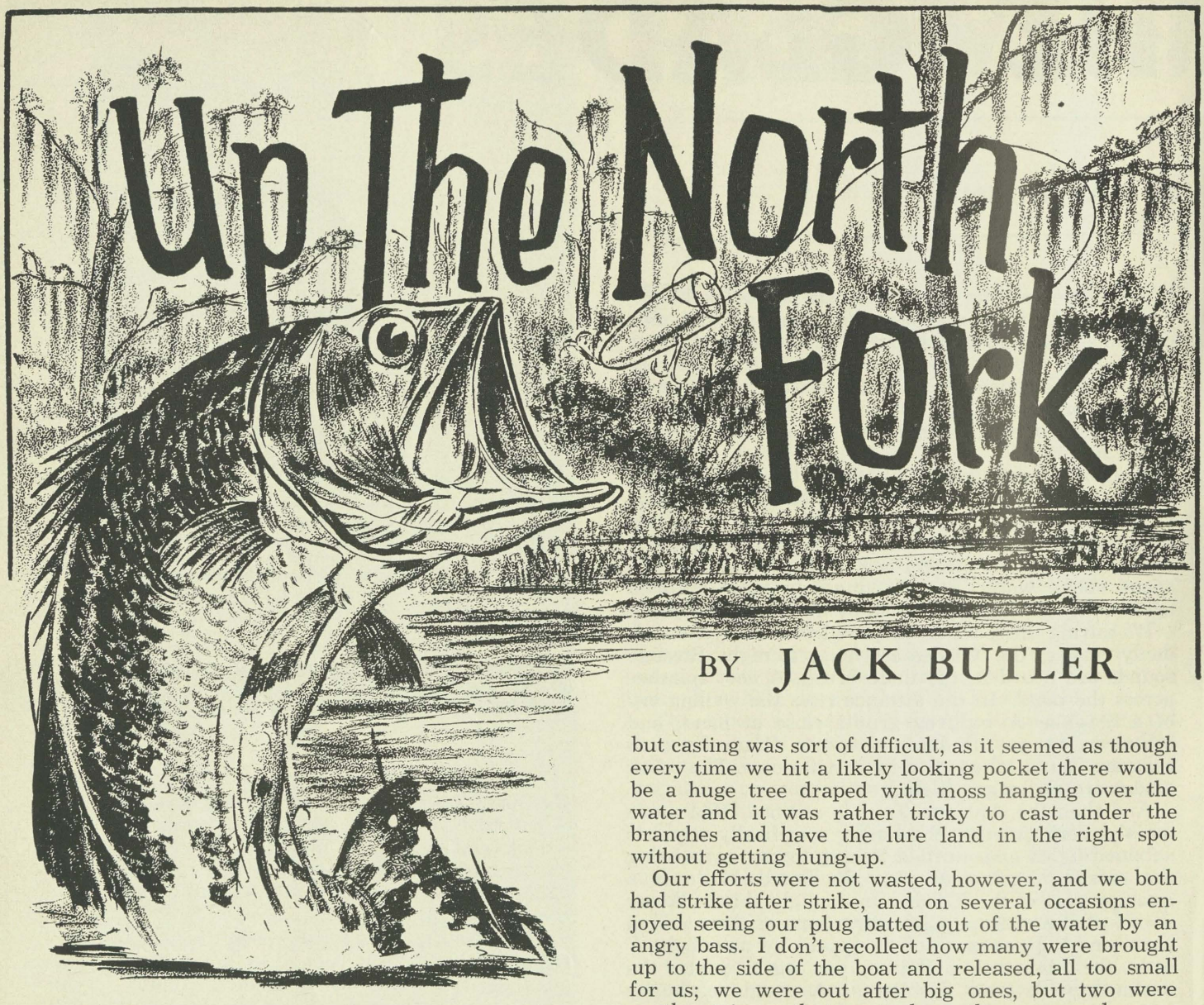
Everywhere the drama of life in the wild goes on. Gar fish frantically swim away from an unseen enemy—'gators. Frogs grunt and sometimes give forth with a death cry signalling a meal for some snake or 'gator. In the bushes, heron and wood ibis roost, along with indistinguishable anhingas and gallinules whose dark colors blend into the night.

And then it is time for the party to retrace its steps. Off the Anhinga Trail, back down the road the prowlers go, their flashlights swinging in the night.

The lights of the Ranger Station loom ahead. The ancient cypress tree's roosting white heron is still gone, and the prowl is over. And in the distance, the 'Glades are as noisy as ever. END.

Participants in an Everglades Night Prowl head for the Anhinga Trail—named for the anhinga or water turkey—where many birds roost.

The lily pads provide hiding places for minnows—favorite food for bass. Turtles frequently are seen close to shore, and show little fright when the flashlights are turned on them.



Up The North Fork

BY JACK BUTLER

WHAM! WOW!! Jack Mears ducked as the long yellow plug came flying in his direction, but old mossback's aim was a little bit off in the semi-darkness and the plug hit the transom of the metal boat with a crash so loud that it sounded as though it was banged with a sledge.

Jack and I had gone up through Stuart to several miles beyond, turned off the highway and went through the pines and scrub into Bert Pruitt's fishing camp on the North Fork of the St. Lucie. Bert rented us a goodly sized steel boat with an inboard motor and we headed up the river.

As we slowly chugged up the open water for a few miles we had our lines out over the stern of the boat, Jack was trolling some sort of a plug and my offering was a Dardevle spoon; several fish struck at the lures, but only one small snook was foolish enough to get himself hooked and boated; he was turned loose.

As the channel between the encroaching bonnets and hyacinths began to lessen we slowed the motor down to a whisper, in fact, there was hardly enough steerageway and time after time we drifted into the edge of the vegetation on either side of the river and would have to push ourselves free with an oar.

Naturally, we had been casting into every available opening in among the bonnets and hyacinths, but casting was sort of difficult, as it seemed as though every time we hit a likely looking pocket there would be a huge tree draped with moss hanging over the water and it was rather tricky to cast under the branches and have the lure land in the right spot without getting hung-up.

Our efforts were not wasted, however, and we both had strike after strike, and on several occasions enjoyed seeing our plug batted out of the water by an angry bass. I don't recollect how many were brought up to the side of the boat and released, all too small for us; we were out after big ones, but two were on the stringer that we took on the way up, keepers for sure, a little over three pounds each. Had on some bigger ones too, but they shook themselves free after a few minutes of frenzied acrobatics.

Jack had been trying various plugs, but it didn't seem as though style, size or color made much difference to the fish, they took a smack at most everything he had to offer. Most of the time I used the spoon and had just as much sport with it as I would have had switching plugs. I did lose a nice frog-like plug of Jack's in the branches of a tree.

Finally we reached the end of the route. No more open water ahead of us, the hyacinths had the river choked from bank to bank and as far as we could see ahead of us there was nothing but a solid mass of purple bossoms.

Digressing for a bit; it is to be decried how that obnoxious leafy menace with its pretty purple flowers has ruined so much of our best fishing and duck gunning waters. How it has virtually ruined many of our favorite bream fishing spots. It is almost as destructive as pollution.

Naturally after being stopped by the barrier of vegetation we came about and headed back down the river, letting the current do most of the work. Three good size bass were on the stringer now, all over three pounds each.

(Continued on Page 34)

Florida's Air-Plants

By ROSS ALLEN and WILFRED T. NEILL

AIR-PLANTS are conspicuous features of Florida scenery, and add a great deal to the tropical aspect of the state. The ones shown in the photographs are growing (left) upon the trunks of pond cypress in Big Cypress Swamp, and (right) upon the branch of a live-oak in Hillsborough River State Park.

These plants are often called "orchids," and are even sold under this name in some curio shops; but they are not orchids at all. Botanists call them "bromeliads," for they belong to a plant family known scientifically as the Bromeliaceae. This family is confined to tropical and subtropical portions of the New World, except for one African species and several cultivated varieties (including the familiar pineapple) which have been introduced into many lands outside their natural range. The pineapple and a few other bromeliads grow on the ground, but most of the species in the family grow upon the trunks and branches of trees. They are not parasites; they derive only support, not nourishment, from the tree on which they live. Sometimes they are found upon walls and house tops; in South Florida it is not unusual for them to grow upon telephone wires.

A few bromeliads have thin, elongated stems and leaves which hang in long streamers from the tree branches; the common Spanish moss is one of these. In other species, the stringy leaves grow in dense clusters, forming tufts that curiously decorate the tree trunks and branches. But most bromeliads have long, stiff leaves like those of the pineapple; each leaf has a dilation at the base that serves to catch and retain water. This modification is of considerable importance to the plants, which usually grow in regions where periods of heavy rainfall alternate with periods of drought. Most of Florida's bromeliads—commonly called "air-plants"—are of the water-retaining kind.

In many parts of the New World tropics, there is nearly total drought during a portion of the year, and at such times the only water for miles around is to be found cupped in the leaf bases of the air-plants. Since some of these plants are 6 to 8 feet tall and cover an area of 5 or 6 feet square, they can hold a lot of water; and the unsuspecting greenhorn who tips one over while reaching for the showy blossoms is apt to get a drenching. During the dry season many small creatures invade the bromeliads and remain there until the rains come again. Biologists in the tropics began

(Continued on Page 37)

KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE

THE ABC'S OF TURKEY HUNTING

By CLYDE A. MANN

MY BOYHOOD hunting experiences in Michigan were confined to the ruffed grouse, the cottontail, and the lowly ground hog or "whistle pig." When I settled in Pasco County, Florida, therefore, it was with a great deal of expectancy that I approached what the old-timers assured me was the greatest hunting experience of all — the pursuit of the wild turkey.

The first problem was to locate an experienced turkey hunter to help guide my initial efforts on the trail of the wily gobbler. A young man who had been successfully trapping coon and otter agreed to initiate me into the ancient and honorable order of gobbler chasers. Surely, I thought, a man who spends so much time in the woods and swamps would be eminently suited to introduce this exacting sport to a novice such as myself.

One morning, just at daylight, we hit an oak ridge that looked promising. Turkey tracks, dusting spots, and scratchings were everywhere in abundance. For a time I trotted after my guide in blissful ignorance of the hazards of the game, fully confident that before the sun set that evening, there would be at least a couple of turkeys in the bag. I worried about filling my season's quota too quickly; after all, it would be more fun to spread the hunting over at least three trips.

After an all day session of sneaking quietly from one gallberry patch to another, we returned to the car, with sore feet and a single feather picked up at a dusting place to show for the day's efforts. After reflecting on the hunt, I came to the conclusion that, in spite of my young friend's knowledge of fur trapping, perhaps after all he was not a turkey hunter. My first experience brought home Lesson A: Once you locate a good spot, don't move around.

As I continued my research into the mysteries of turkey hunting, I learned that the more successful hunters depend on a good turkey call. I procured a call and began practicing with it. At times I was able to get the neighbor's domestic turkeys to answer me but more often I would manage to come out with a sour note or two that gummed the works.

Finally I became acquainted with an old Cracker who gave me some excellent advice regarding the art of turkey calling. He did not put much faith in the usual box type call, but rather depended upon his own vocal cords to provide the proper sounds. His contention was that every turkey has a slightly different tone to his voice. The important point, he emphasized, was that there is never that give away scratch in the throat call.

I began listening carefully to the domestic turkeys and before long I found that I was able to imitate them pretty well. It was many a session I had talking turkey with the neighbor's birds, until I began to fear that he would think I had designs on some of his turks.

The teacher gave me a tentative o.k. when I gave a performance for his benefit. He cautioned me never to call too often. It seems that the wily turkey is not given to an excess of gab, especially when alert for possible danger. An important point, he emphasized time and again was never to make a purt! purt!! He explained that when a turkey gives with that particular call, it spells danger to any of his brethren within hearing distance.

After thoroughly digesting the fundamentals of calling, I headed for the woods to see if I could get the official seal of approval on my new "larning," from the old master himself, a long bearded gobbler.

There was a certain spot in a hammock where turkey signs were abundantly distributed and it was for that place I headed for the trial. I located an uprooted pine where I could sit on the bole and be screened by the maze of tree roots. An hour after I took up

my stand, a gray squirrel spotted me and began telling the news to the world. I had about decided that my play house had been broken up and that I had better move to a new location when I heard a turkey *purt* somewhere close behind me. There was a question mark behind that *purt* just as plain as could be. I turned my head slowly and beheld a hen turkey stretching and craning her neck as if trying to discover what sort of creature had occasioned the outburst from the squirrel.

I caught a glimpse of a slight movement from the palmetto thicket behind the hen and finally made out a pair of gobblers partially screened by the brush. I was on the wrong side of the roots, right out in the open and feeling as naked as a jay bird. The only thing I could do was to sit perfectly still and hope for satisfactory developments.

The hen kept coming on slowly, stopping every few feet to voice an inquiring *purt.* Then she suddenly stopped dead still and fixed me with her beady black eyes. Evidently deciding that I did not belong there, she gave an explosive alarm call *purt! purt!!* There was a flurry of wings, a crashing in the undergrowth and the birds were gone. Thus my second attempt at turkey hunting ended like the first but I did have impressed upon me lesson B: If possible, get in a blind from which you can see in all directions while at the same time being screened from view on all sides.

A few days later I again took to the woods for the third attempt. The thought that the old saying goes —"Third time is a charm"—bouyed my spirits. This time I was resolved to be more careful in selecting a blind. I located a good spot near a fallen tree top and with a little fixing, I judged it perfect. After a long siege of waiting, I spotted three gobblers feeding towards me. Although they were out of range, I slowly raised my gun and got set so that when they finally worked close enough I would not have to move. There was plenty of time to study their actions as they fed slowly towards me, stopping every few feet to look all around. I could not help but recall that army General Order which runs: "Keeping always on the alert, observing everything which takes place within sight or hearing."

At last, when one of the birds was within what I judged good range, I gave a short, low whistle and they froze. As the shot rumbled through the hammock, the turkey went down in a flurry of feathers. I tore out of the blind as per instructions, with the object of scattering the rest of the birds. This accomplished, I turned back to pick up *my* turkey. Only he was having none of it. I caught a glimpse of the bronze bodied prize just disappearing over the tree tops. Whether the third time was a charm or not, I was still without my gobbler. And lesson C was driven home with no uncertainty: Before turning away from a hit bird, be sure he is down for the full count.

After a long and unsuccessful search along the line of flight of the wounded gobbler, I returned and found a fallen oak. I sat quietly and let things settle down. After a quarter hour or so I gave one tentative yelp which, to my surprise was answered almost immediately from a point directly behind me. I could not see the turkey without turning around and I knew that I dare not move. In spite of all precautions, however, the sharp *purt!* of the alarm call rang out. Instead of jumping out with my gun at ready, I froze for a few minutes. When I did venture to look around, the turkey was gone.

As I headed for home, I was feeling in a sorrowful mood. It was not only the thoughts of the ribbing to which I would be subjected but the realization that the wounded gobbler would fall prey to a wild cat, possum, or a woods hog.

I had to unload my tale of woe to someone so I stopped by to see my old Cracker friend. If I expected sympathy, I was in for a disappointment. I got a most unsympathetic horse laugh. "You must have shot too soon and aimed for the body," my teacher stated. He did however compliment me on my self control in restricting my calling. "Most green horns yelp too often," he commented.

Two days later I returned to the same territory for another try. This time I selected for a blind, a large log lying at the base of a huge tree. After several hours of unfruitful sitting, I began to get restless. Perhaps another spot would be more productive. Then I recalled the old Cracker's admonition to stay put, I decided to remain a while longer.

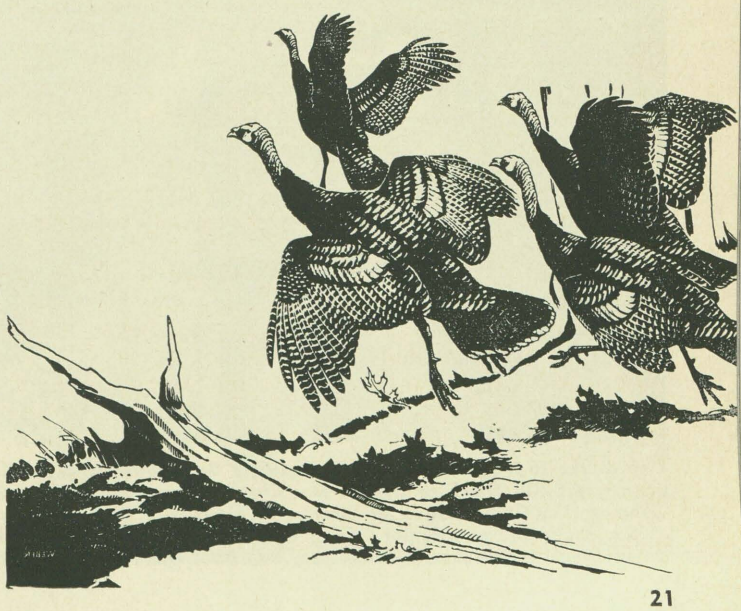
Without warning, a shadowy form glided into my field of vision. The form soon dissolved itself into a beautiful sight, a large turkey gobbler, burnished copper plumage aglow. He had caught me off guard. The bird stood erect, his eyes searching the ground ahead alert for possible danger. He was too close for me to do anything but sit tight and hold my breath, hoping for a break.

The gobbler decided that, for the moment, he was safe and again began feeding toward me. When he was within twelve feet of the blind some sixth sense must have warned him. He jerked himself to a stance, studied my position for a fraction of a second, then with an explosive *Purt! Purt!!* he whirled and hit out for a nearby gallberry thicket, running full tilt, with wings half raised.

As I eased off the trigger, I had a flash of that good feeling every hunter experiences when he is confident that he has made a successful shot. The bird went down in a flurry of frantically beating wings. I crashed from the blind and made a wild dash to the spot where my prize was flopping madly in the undergrowth. Eager to prevent a get away, I grabbed him by the neck. The bird kicked frantically and I was sporting a pair of long deep scratches before I knew what was happening. I hurriedly dropped the gobbler and stood guard with my gun at ready until he quit kicking.

Having, at long last, a satisfactory answer to that oft voiced question, "Where's your turkey?," I headed for teacher's house confident of a passing grade in a mighty rough course, the ABC's of Turkey Hunting.

END.



AROUND

Beautiful Lake Eaton in the heart of the Ocala National Forest is the home of Florida's new Junior Conservation Camp. Opened this year for the first time, many youthful participants received instruction in first aid, boating, swimming, firearms safety, casting, and general conservation practices.
Tents housed the boys this year while arrangements are being made to have permanent cabins and a top-flight recreational-educational installation ready for future years.

F. O. W. A. TRI-ANNUAL CONV

FLORIDA OUTDOOR WRITERS ASSOCIATION

One of the last duties of retiring president Bob Dahne of Vero Beach was to present a $200 check to Denver Ste. Claire, Executive Secretary of the Junior Conservation Club League of Florida. This money was voted to be used in helping build the new Junior Conservation Camp at Lake Eaton. Pat Sullivan, Miami, Jack Shoemaker, Tallahassee, and Paul Mains of Jacksonville look on.

Roy Martin (right) noted angler from Panama City and holder of several world records holds the 22-pound permit that won him grand prize of the FOWA fishing contest.

THE STATE

Wild turkey restoration programs have become increasingly important to the sportsmen of Florida. Various individuals and organizations are continually working with Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission personnel for the betterment of the state's game bird situation. Wildlife Officer Vernon Gallagher and sportsman Elmer E. Weise hold four gobblers trapped on the Polk-Osceola Breeding Grounds. Turkey from heavily stocked protected areas are live trapped for release in places where the local situation indicates restocking will be beneficial.

Clearwater Lions Club members and Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission officers check game fish-food species balance at Clearwater's Crest Lake in preparation for the Crest Lake Fishing Jamboree. The Jamboree is an annual affair sponsored by the Lions Club of Clearwater and is for children between the ages of 5 and 15. Left to right: Lions Club members Wesley Wilkinson, Forrest Dean, and Dick Burkhart, and Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission officers J. T. Philbin and Dick Boyant. Bill Woods, right, is the area's fisheries technician.

ENTION HELD AT VERO BEACH

ELECT NEW OFFICERS AT JUNE MEETING

fficers and directors to serve the Florida Outdoor Writers Association the next year are (seated from left): Roy Martin, Panama City, treas-eorge X. Sand, Boca Raton, secretary; Jack Shoemaker, Tallahassee, vice president; Merritt Hilliard, Fort Lauderdale, president. y board of directors (standing from left) are: Lou Mussler, Melbourne; Dahne, Vero Beach; Paul Mains, Jacksonville; Doug Silver, Fort uderdale; Charlie Anderson, Tallahassee and Sol Fleishman, Tampa.

Besides the regular meeting sessions informal get togethers help to closely unite the general outdoor activities all over the state. Scribes from every part of Florida gather to discuss the progress and problems of the Sunshine State.

By EDMUND McLAURIN

IF SOME READERS have wondered why considerable text has been devoted to the single subject of various types of sights for sporting firearms, the reason for such emphasis has been based on the fact that nothing influences your ultimate shooting success so much as your firearm's sights and how you use them. There is no circuitous route around the reality that the most accurate firearm in the world is no better than its sights.

Come hunting season, correctly installed and adjusted sights will pay big dividends to many readers of this column.

Because telescopic sights are perhaps the least understood and the most technical of any type to install and adjust, the last two columns have covered scope sights and their practical mounting, for both hunting and target use. This one will attempt to clarify some of the mystery that seems to exist in regard to individual focusing and adjustment of telescopic sights, and next month's will give tips on sighting-in any type of sight in preparation for the coming hunting season, to conclude the series on sights.

When you buy a telescopic sight in a sporting goods store, or by mail order, be sure that you get with it the sheet of instructions furnished by its maker. These instructions should not only be read most carefully but should be saved for future consultation. Much of the grief experienced by dissatisfied users of telescopic sights can be traced to incorrect installation and adjustment, and further investigation will usually finger-point the fact that the dissatisfied users either regard a telescopic sight as an instrument of mystery, or else have failed to follow furnished instructions to the letter. As Colonel Townsend Whelen, noted writer and scope sight authority, pointed out during one of his contacts with this writer, there is no subject connected with firearms that is so little understood by the average shooter as the telescopic sight, and to use one effectively he must study up a bit about it, and use the acquired knowledge to get the best results from his precision sighting instrument.

Many Florida gunsmiths are familiar with the impatient class of shooters who purchase a new scope and then say, "Mount it on my rifle and focus it for me, please! I want to use it this coming Saturday." The obliging artisan, familiar with scope sights, knows that he can mount the new purchase for his customer, and give it general adjustment, but that final focus for clarity of reticule and field of view involves individual eyesight and must be done by the user himself. The gunsmiths in Florida say that they try to get that fact across to customers when they deliver ordered installations, but that most shooters, imbued with the eye appeal of their new equipment, or of "going hunting Saturday," pay but scant attention to suggestions for subsequent use and enjoyment of the scope. They will add that most of encountered scope sight complaints are due to scopes being badly out of focus for the eyesight of the individual users, a condition which requires advice rather than mechanical performance by an understanding gunsmith.

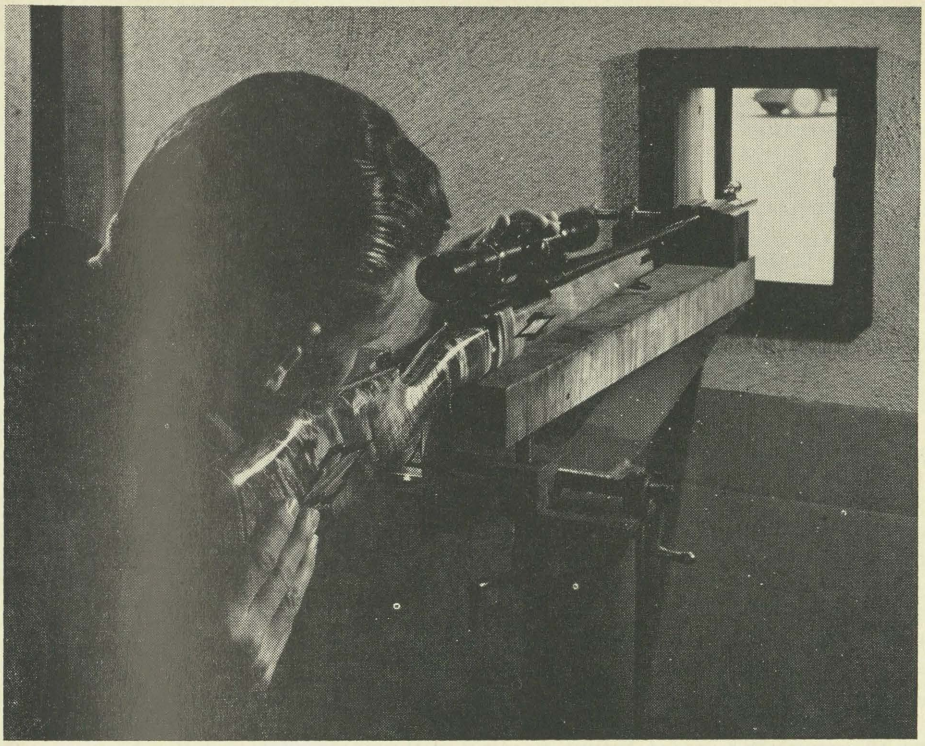
Focusing a telescopic sight for maximum efficiency is not difficult if one takes care to follow furnished instructions carefully. From a job analysis viewpoint, there are certain fundamentals to be observed in focusing a new scope, and they should be attempted in logical sequence.

First, make sure that the mount holding the scope is secure and properly positioned, and that attaching screws are tight.

Next, make sure that the reticule within the scope is properly positioned. If the reticule is of the post type, it should appear to be perpendicular to the shooter's vision as the firearm is placed to shoulder and aimed. Where the reticule is one of the popular crosshair type, both hairs should be accurately positioned —that is, the horizontal one should be perfectly level and the perpendicular one should be precisely erect, firearm held level and uncanted. If the reticule is not correctly positioned, when the firearm is correctly held, then an adjustment of the reticule is indicated. Make the necessary correction by loosening the two small set screws found opposite each other on the reticule ring, usually located just back of the rear mount. (Your sheet of instructions should be consulted for both part identification and specific directions.) Once loosened, the reticule ring is slowly turned until the reticule is seen in correct position. Once you're satisfied that the reticule is correctly levelled, re-tighten the binding screws and take another look through the scope to check on the final accuracy of the change just attempted.

Granted that the reticule has been properly positioned, your next concern is to focus the scope for clearness and "blackness" of the reticule alone. Begin by loosening the eyepiece clamping ring, which is usually the second knurled ring rearward of the rear mount, and then point the scope towards clear sky. Slowly turn the eyepiece out (counter clockwise) until the image of the reticule is fuzzy and plainly out of focus; then turn it in (clockwise) until the image is sharp and clear, *then stop.* If you adjust beyond this point, there will be strain on the aiming eye and the eye will automatically try to accommodate an incorrect focus, something you don't want to happen. And don't strain your shooting eye by prolonged examination of the reticule; instead, take quick peeks to see if the reticule looks distinct the second you take aim. Satisfied on that score, screw up the clamping ring to lock the eyepiece in correct, permanent position. Once determined, this setting will not have to be changed until major changes take place in your eyesight. (Incidentally, shooters who are forced to wear bi-focal glasses should use the far vision prescription of their glasses for their scope sight shooting.)

If yours is a hunting scope of 2½, 3 or 4 power, you have an instrument of universal focus, and, if you have normal vision, either with or without glasses, your scope should be in distinct focus from 50 yards to infinity, and under fifty yards the focus should be only slightly blurred but usable. This universal focus, set by the manufacturers over a 150 yard range, a theoretically ideal mid-range adjustment, makes the low power scopes very practical for hunting. As Bill Weaver, the El Paso, Texas, scope maker, said, "The hunting scope maker's ideal is to have a broad, flat field of view, with



Bugaboo of both hunting and target scope sights is objectionable parallax—apparent movement of the scope's reticule as the aiming eye is moved around the field of view, rifle placed upright and in a steady position, as in the photo. Get rid of parallax if you would shoot accurately!

all of it in focus at once, and, in certain models, we come pretty close to it."

High power target scopes, like those of 8X, 10X, 12, 15 and 20 magnification, require the same basic focusing for individual eyesight. Their focusing for distance, however, requires a re-setting for each range over which shots are taken. The front end of a long-tubed target scope has a revolving sleeve that is turned to give sharp focus for the various ranges, and is independent of the reticule focusing adjustment. For convenience of target shooters, who fire in competition over measured ranges at standard targets, the target scope manufacturers have engraved focusing scales on the scope tubes and focus adjusting sleeves so that focusing for any given range can be done quickly and easily. Top notch target shooters keep a record of exact settings required for all range distances, from fifty feet to two hundred yards. From 200 yards and beyond, the target scope's objective lens assumes a universal focus and generally requires no change in the adjusting sleeve. The markings engraved on a target scope are to be considered as a general guide, however. To make certain that you are enjoying true clarity of target, try tacking a magazine page advertisement alongside your practice target. If the lettering shows up black and distinct, you're surely in focus for that range.

Bugaboo of both hunting and target scopes is parallax—the apparent movement of the scope's reticule as the aiming eye is moved around the field of view. Technically, this parallax means that the reticule is not in the plane of focus of the scope's object lens, and that your aim will not be correct unless the condition is corrected. To remove parallax from a hunting scope, loosen the small screws holding the adjustment turrets just a wee bit, and then use a screw driver handle to gently tap the turret forward or backward, as required, until no parallax is present. You do not make the determination with the rifle placed to shoulder; instead, you place it upright on a bench rest or similar support and, with rifle steady and unmoving, let your aiming eye move across the field of view. No objectionable parallax is present when there is no apparent movement of the reticule as the aiming eye is shifted. Removal of existing parallax may be a time-consuming job, but it must be done. Studying the instruction sheet furnished by the scope's maker will make the job easier.

In fact, careful reading of the scope manufacturer's recommendations for most practical use of his product will undoubtedly make of your new telescopic sight a simple, practical shooting aid rather than a mystery. END

THE WAYS OF SUCCESSFUL ANGLING

By Thomas McGarry

In my rambling search for that elusive piscatorial Utopia, I have often been subjected to the soul trying and ego deflating experience of having that omnipresent streamside decoration, the local expert, follow my trail to fish waters I had recently dragged with most unspectacular results. The expert hauls up the bank where I am lounging under a streamside tree, his creel is groaning from its overload. He passes the time of day in his smug and complacent manner and trots off with the remark that tomorrow they may be hitting better.

Early the next morning, we pick up the trail of this bird as he strides confidently toward the river. Soon he slows his pace and we note him meandering aimlessly about the bushes. He pauses now and then to poke around in the leaves. So it looks like maybe he changed his plans and is picking berries instead of going fishing. Suddenly he bends over and peers intently at something on the ground. His hand shoots out and he comes up with the prize. He stares at the object in his hand for a moment and then mutters triumphantly, "Aha, a yellow ribbed gilderflitz!" Without further ado, he reaches into his fly box, removes a near imitation of the yellow ribbed gilderflitz, ties it on the leader, and hits for the stream where he immediately begins jerking out fish at a most shameful rate.

The difference between this successful joker and yours truly is simply that the local expert has put into practice what every angler with an I.Q. of over five should realize: A fly or other fish food item should represent something with which the local fishes are familiar. A fish will snap up a fly to which he is accustomed while he will pass right by a perfect stranger.

"O.K., you say, so I know all this. But what happens if there ain't no live flies?" Simple, chum. You tie on a nymph. To those who don't know, a nymph is a scraggly looking device made to represent one of the early life stages of an aquatic insect. Cast the nymph upstream, with plenty of slack line so the lure will sink readily. Try to guide it past likely looking spots where a lunker may be waiting for the current to serve up his dinner. Make the retrieve slowly and with easy jerks.

In the event that the nymphs

(Continued on Page 39)

OKLAWAHA KICKER

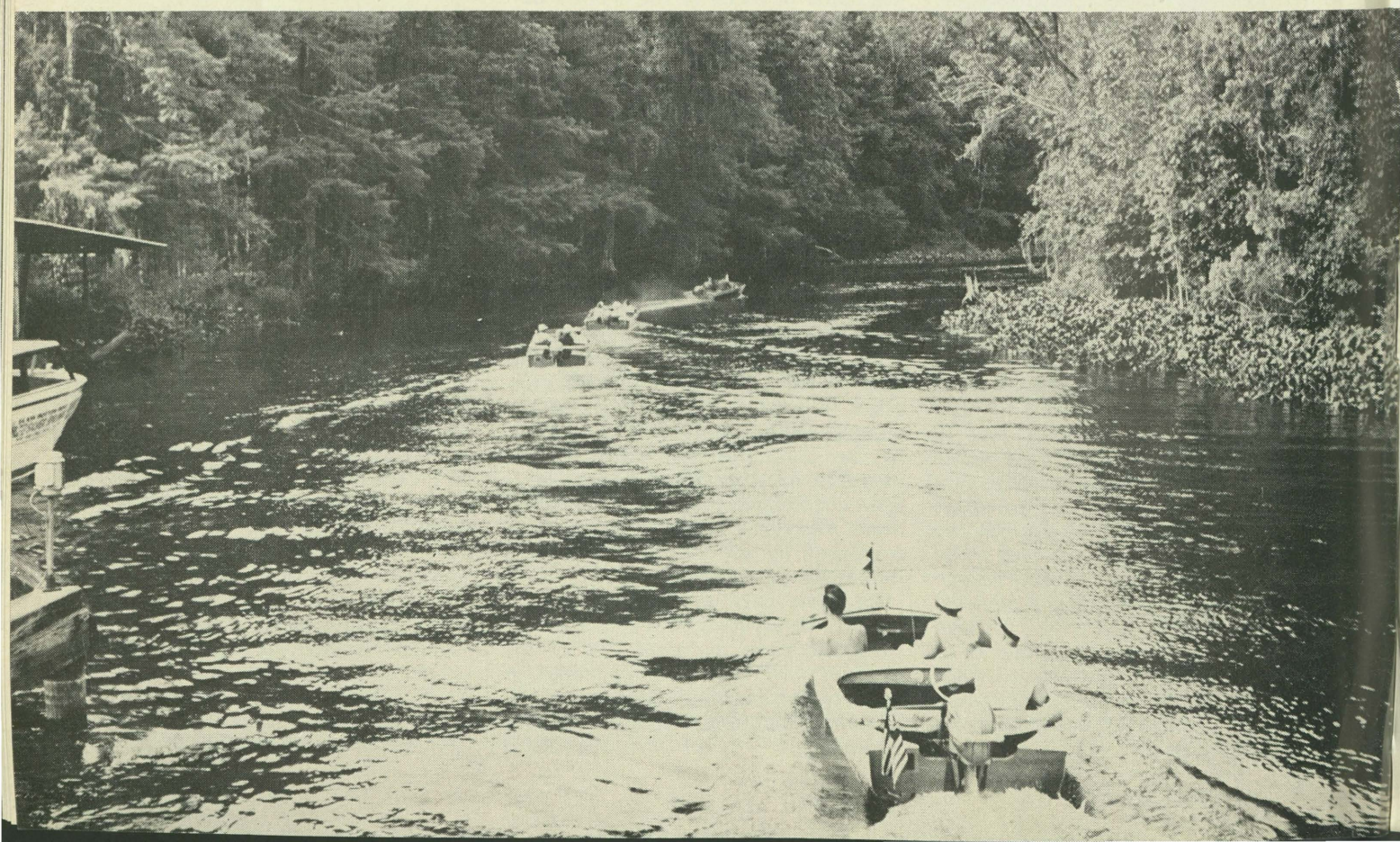
It was a typical dawn in Florida, quiet, peaceful. The whispering of the breeze through the Spanish moss and the sleepy twittering of the birds waking to their daily tasks were the only sounds that broke the peaceful tranquility of the countryside. Eureka— that is what it is called—not a town nor a village, but a place where a country road crosses the Oklawaha River on a picturesque swinging bridge. A small fish camp nearby provided a launching ramp made of war surplus air strip landing mats. The gray dawn turned slightly crimson and the scuttling clouds gave warning of the fickleness of the weather.

A car loomed out of the shadows carrying one of the advance agents of the Jacksonville boat cruise. Rapidly other cars arrived, pulling trailers carrying a variety of boats. These pulled off in an orderly fashion on the north side of the road which was the launching spot for the directing committees of the cruise. The committeemen and their wives made leisurely preparation for the biggest water show staged in Florida. Months of tireless planning by the cruise master, Bubba Bynum, and a committee consisting of Ed Butts, J. M. Smoak, B. S. Slappey, Joe Pavlick, and Don Burney made this spectacle a reality. They were the producers, advance agents, trouble shooters, and directors of this weekend cruise from Jacksonville to Leesburg—truly the world series of boat cruises. The committee met bi-monthly and drew up detailed plans of operation. They made the trip in advance, complete from the launching at Eureka to the destination at Leesburg. On this trip, travel time was established, rest stops selected and the Oklawaha River carefully scouted for boating hazards.

Almost 200 boats must travel safely over the route, planning must be careful and accurate to maintain the record of no accidents established on previous cruises. A week before this date, the cruise committee and several boats carrying cross-cut saws, axes, hatchets and small one man saws again made the trip and removed the most dangerous obstacles from the waters of the Oklawaha and marked the approach to other hazardous spots with flying red streamers tied to bushes overhanging the stream. Yellow streamers marked the approach to rest stops. The men of the Leesburg Boating Club, in anticipation of the trip, had begged, borrowed, and scavenged some 50 battered and bent state highway road signs which had been abandoned as unfit for use. After much straightening and shaping, the men gave all of the signs two coats of yellow paint, such as carried by their more glamorous relations gracing the Florida highways. A cruise by the members of the Leesburg club determined the legends to be painted on the signs. A professional sign painter graced the rejuvenated signs with such legends as "Dangerous Curve Right", "Dangerous Curve Left," and so on. These signs were erected as markers for the boaters of the Jacksonville cruise and were to remain permanently for the benefit of future boating enthusiasts enjoying the beauties of the Oklawaha River.

The flotilla captains gathered about the launching site. Clarence Lovendahl, Commodore of the Jackson-

Up the Oklawaha River, under the bridge at Sharpe's Ferry, past the Silver River, and on to Leesburg.



The launching committee handled 178 boats in record time.

photos by
bob and ginger teese

By FINLEY C. BROOKE

CRUISE

ville boat club, was the group leader of the first flotilla. The launching started at 7:20. No organized circus could have moved more efficiently. One of the group captains directed the trailer to the water's edge, where three more men untied the boat, promptly launched it and waved the owner to proceed while the second line went through the same procedure. Two more men unhitched the trailer marked with the boat number and moved it to a convenient parking area reserved for boat trailers, while the owner or some member of his party drove the car to an open field several hundred feet distant. Cars approached continuously, boats plopped into the water, trailers wheeled into their resting places, and cars bumped their way into the parking field. Owners hurried back to the boats and noisily started their motors. At 7:33, exactly 13 minutes after the first boat was launched, flotilla number one was on its way. Five minutes was allowed to elapse for the initial flotilla to get under way, then the process was repeated all over again. At 7:53, not 20 minutes later, including the 5 minutes waiting time, the second flotilla was on its way. The participants were attired in their own picturesque costumes, from the more conservative outfits protecting their owners from the brilliant Florida sun, to those more daringly attired in shorts or colorful scanty bathing suits. A variety of costumes, a riot of color, framing hundreds of eager pleasure seeking actors in a pageant unsurpassed by any paid performance. It would be impossible to produce such a spectacle anywhere except in fabulous Florida, with its winding picturesque waterways and its endless miles of weirdly beautiful scenery. No manufacturer of automobiles, radios, or other merchandise can boast of more precise timing.

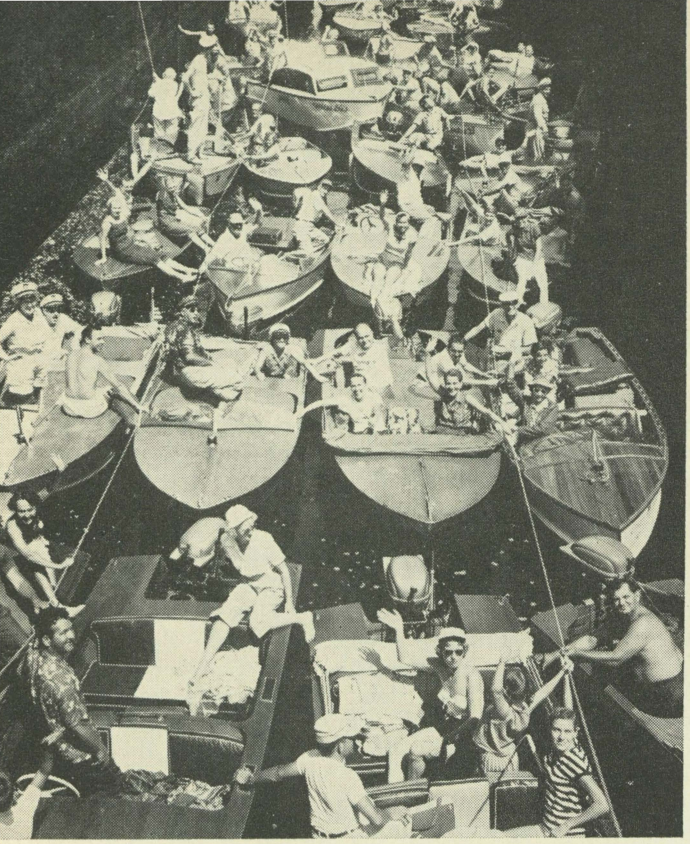
In order to actually experience the boat trip, the Jacksonville club arranged for the author to hitchhike a ride to Leesburg. Claude Marchand, his wife Louise and son Jerry, age 5, were the hosts, running their boat appropriately named We Three. All of the boats in each flotilla flew the ensign of the Jacksonville Boating Club, except the two group leaders and the tail end Charlie, whose boats sported the flag of the color key of the flotilla. Our group had a stranger; the Tiny Tim, a 12 foot boat with a 10 h.p. motor. The Tim flew a homemade jolly roger and carried two teen age boys. Inquiry produced the fact that junior members were permitted to go on any cruise, provided they were immediately followed by a full fledged member sponsoring them for the cruise. The sponsor was to be personally responsible for the activities and behavior of the junior members. Our flotilla pushed off into the swift current of the Oklawaha and took off up river—destination Leesburg. The flotilla moved rapidly with military precision up the picturesque Oklawaha River. Each boat owner was carefully coached in the rules and regulations for the cruise. Boats could move safely at almost wide open throttle, for they were assured that the course had been carefully scouted and each preceding boat would give hand signals indicating any running hazard, change in speed or direction, in ample time for it to be passed on to the boat following. The silence of the Oklawaha would be violated for at least three hours by the rushing passage of the Jacksonville cruise. Only the lead boats of the first flotilla were privileged to witness the abundant wild life inhabiting the swampy shores of the river. The crooked course of the Oklawaha provides new vistas at each turn. Majestic cypress trees, towering in the air, with their gray beards waving gently in the breeze, boasting to all of the scurrying boats that they were almost as old as the river itself, and scorning the weaker members of their race lying rotting in the swamps at their feet. Great patches of hyacinths accumulated at each curve, and danced wildly on the wake of each passing boat.

Each flotilla traveled approximately an hour to a predetermined rest stop. A dry level spot on the banks of the river had been selected for the first break. The pause was welcomed and all hands disembarked for a seventh inning stretch. The children scampered in all directions amid gleeful squeals of delight with the discovery of each turtle, snail, or other item of interest to their adventurous dispositions. Sandwiches appeared from baskets and picnic hampers, and soft drinks were brought forth from the depths of iced coolers.

At the end of 10 minutes the boats pushed off into midstream and pranced gaily on their way. The next flotilla was due to take over the rest stop in 5 minutes. We were beginning to leave the swamps, and high clay banks, gnawed by the rapid current of the river were more in evidence at each turn. Different varieties of wild flowers, bushes, and shrubs lined the banks on each side. Conversation to any extent was impossible due to the roar of the motors, but chatter was unnecessary since the wildness of the rapidly passing scenery demanded all of one's attention. My companion in the back seat, little Jerry, was contentedly napping, for he had been up and about since 5 AM.

Soon the scenery changed again, and the dog leg crooks characteristic of the Oklawaha near Eureka disappeared. One old timer explained, "You know, I

(Continued on Next Page)



A full lock at Moss Bluff.

used to be a skipper on a 40 ft. pleasure boat on this stretch. In those days the government took care of the river. A snag boat kept it clear of stumps and floating deadheads. My cruise covered an 80 mile stretch of this river. The crows made it in something less than 50 miles. The Oklawaha just has to be crooked down through these parts. In the 80 miles I traveled, the drop was something like 20 feet."

Starkes Landing signaled the approach to the run where the overflow from Silver Springs enters the Oklawaha. With the passing of the boatcade through the narrow confines of the river, the waters turned almost black with the silt churned up by the thrashing propellers. The emerald green waters of Silver Springs Run evinced ohs and ahs and pointing fingers indicated the line where the water became dirty from the passing boats.

The scenery had changed again. Isolated paths to the water's edge marked small fish camps. The frequently encountered fishing boats were tossed about in the bushes lining the shore and disgusted fishermen waited impatiently for the boats to pass, little realizing that their fishing day was to be disturbed several times again by the parade of boats strung for many miles along the river.

The river became straighter and was flanked on each side by high sand banks neatly fenced off into the pasture land of enormous cattle ranches. The wakes of the boats produced a neat pattern of fringed scallops along the sandy shores. We were approaching the Moss Bluff locks. The yellow banner was sighted and we pulled in to shore to wait for the preceding flotilla to clear the locks. One rain squall later the signal was given to enter the locks where we found that careful advance preparations had been made. Long ropes were stretched from one end of the lock to the other. Boats, stem to transom and side by side, about 40 in all, were packed in like sardines in a can. Gas tanks had been filled before entering the lock as the rules of the cruise prohibited gassing motors or smoking while in the locks. After a short wait, the down stream gates were closed and the rapid intake of water lifted the entire group of boats until they were on the level of Lake Griffin. A large welcome banner was stretched across the upper lock gates and a welcoming committee from the Leesburg Boat Club was on hand. In the absence of Commodore Marshall Wilson who was ill in the hospital, Pat O'Keefe and O. C. Fields did the official greeting.

The flotillas quickly regrouped and sped southward toward Leesburg, passing through bonnet fields and floating islands. The Oklawaha gradually spread out and became Lake Griffin at the landmark known as Pine Island. A pathway through the bonnets some 50 feet wide designated the trail to be taken. Many fishing boats were in evidence, poking their noses among the bonnets in search of the elusive bream and shellcracker beds. Straight ahead was another crimson banner. This one marked the entrance to Haines Creek. Due south across the open waters of Lake Griffin, only a few miles distant, the water tower of the City of Leesburg could be seen, yet to reach Venetian Gardens, destination of the cruise, some 20 miles more of water travel was necessary. Haines Creek presented a most thrilling ride indeed. If the lower reaches of the Oklawaha were crooked, in comparison the trip through Haines Creek was like traveling around the turns of a corkscrew. All that was visible of the boat ahead was its wake, showing which way the next turn was to be made. Yet, with all its winding about, the trip up Haines Creek did not offer the hazards experienced on the Oklawaha, since there are no stumps, dead heads or sunken trees creating boating hazards.

After a half hour's rapid travel, the boat ahead of us signalled a halt. We passed under a bridge so low that all of the convertible tops had to be lowered in order to pass. Next we reached Hooks Landing, another rest stop, and a place to eat the picnic lunches. Many people had driven over from Leesburg to welcome friends made on previous cruises. This was the sixth annual cruise from Jacksonville to Leesburg. The original cruise consisted of 13 boats. The second one had 22. The cruise has grown in popularity each year until this sixth annual cruise had nine flotillas totaling 178 boats.

After lunch, the boats regrouped and continued up

Lunch break at Hooks Camp on Haines Creek.

Haines Creek to Lake Eustis. We crossed the now rough waters of Eustis, passed through Dead River, and entered into the final lap of the journey leading across Lake Harris and on to the destination point of Venetian Gardens and the Leesburg Boat Club. Many of the members of the club came out by boat to meet the oncoming flotillas which rendezvoused outside Venetian Gardens. Then there arose one great shout, "Here they come." The whole cruise came sweeping majestically across the Venetian Garden boat basin and pulled up on the shores and into the canals of Venetian Gardens according to predetermined plan. The trip was made without mishap. Well, almost that is. One of the flotillas, and no amount of pressure will get us to say which one, turned left on leaving Haines Creek instead of turning right, and was delayed about 45 minutes while traveling around the rough perimeter of the windswept waters of Lake Eustis. Every boat that started on the cruise was now safely at destination, the City of Leesburg.

As the boats docked, a public address system gave forth information as to registration of the incoming guests so that the enormous overnight housing problem for 508 guests could be solved. Guests were given lodging assignments for the night. Courtesy cars provided by members of the boating club and merchants of Leesburg, and sometimes even police cars were pressed into service for transportation to the lodgings where guests could quickly refresh themselves and return to Venetian Gardens for the balance of the festivities. All boats were gassed up soon after arrival. Three tank trucks dispensed approximately 2,000 gallons of gasoline and 500 quarts of oil for the return trip. The trip consumed some 4,000 gallons of gas and 1,000 quarts of oil. The motors and boats used in the trip would be the envy of any sporting goods show, in value amounting to well over $200,000. Almost $7,000 was spent by the participants of the cruise for registration, housing, and meals.

After the personal reunions between friends, the official greetings took place with O. C. Fields and Dr. Leroy Oetjen filling in for ailing Commodore Wilson, while Clarence Lovendahl happily accepted the enormous official key to the city from Mayor Gregg. Paul Mains, the old kingfish and Pinky Elston publicly perpetuated their annual feud to the amusement of the entire congregation. Free refreshments were provided by the hosts. Frivolous activities were carried on until supper was served at 6:30, when one and all enjoyed the appetizing food served by the hosts. One of the most popular stands was the awning covered draft beer dispenser. There one could obtain a paper cup full of beer, or a quart container full, just for the asking. The dinner was topped off with huge slices of ice cold watermelon eaten free style.

Early the following morning, the public address system was busily occupied directing the courtesy cars to pick up parties at various hotels, motels and restaurants. The normally crowded parking lots around the motels bore silent testimony to the efficient advance booking of housing accommodations for the guests of the Leesburg Boat Club. Travelers seeking accommodations in and around Leesburg were amazed to see empty parking lots in front of motels, yet the "No Vacancy" signs were conspicuously displayed. Several of the restaurants in Leesburg, normally closed during the summer months, were opened up especially to serve morning meals to the departing cruise members. A meeting of the cruise master and the flotilla captains was held on the verandah of the boat club, and final plans were made for the return trip which featured a lunch stop at Silver Springs. The public

Some of the boats that crowded the beaches and canals of Veneti Gardens at Leesburg.

address system announced the formation of the various flotillas. The last flotilla to be launched on the trip to Leesburg was the first group to be dispatched for the return trip. The early morning confusion of motors starting and tuning up, trial runs around the boat basin, temporarily caused the normally peaceful waters of the basin to rise up in angry complaint, noisily rocking the still beached and unoccupied boats. Commodore Lovendahl launched his boat and promptly started the regrouping of the flotillas, directing the boats like a ring master in a circus, making them circle around and pull into line in an orderly fashion. Fond farewells and adieus were said as each group left for the return trip.

This was the largest cruise ever planned and executed in America. The Jacksonville boat club has 250 members, not all owning boats of sufficient size and speed to participate in the cruise, however. The 178 boats in the cruise carried 508 people, truly a tribute to the popularity of outboard motor boating in Central Florida. The two day trip and return covered 160 miles. Boat miles covered was 26,560 for a total of 80,000 passenger miles. It is conservatively estimated that, at the end of this cruise, the Jacksonville boat club has covered over 1,000,000 passenger miles during the year, with the most serious accident being a ducking received by a member when his foot slipped and he fell overboard during launching. Each year the popular Jacksonville-Leesburg cruise attracts many new boat club members. Ringling Brothers or Barnum and Bailey never produced such a spectacle as this Jacksonville-Leesburg Outboard cruise. END

Over 500 people enjoyed the evening meal at Leesburg.

SINCE THIS WAS Scotty's first Tarpon, you can hardly find it in your heart to blame him for the sin he committed. After he had finished the battle—which lasted for exactly forty minutes by Paul's watch and was one of the most thrilling fish battles I have ever witnessed—Scotty answered a question of mine in these words:

"Excited? Of course I was excited! Listen Hap, old boy. When I get to the point where my knees don't do a buck ague dance over a big fish on my line, I'll stop fishing, sew lace on my undies and go to embroidering hankies with the womenfolks!"

Cheers from the rest of us. But to the scrap—

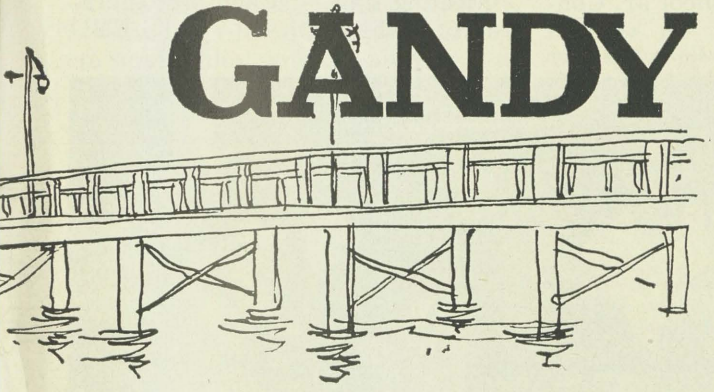
Elmer has an open cockpit boat 27 feet long and we went in this. The place we had chosen was a six-mile bridge over Old Tampa Bay, where a speed-cop pal of ours had reported having seen Tarpon rolling the evening before. Gandy Bridge they call it.

Because two of the little party were not able to get away until late, we started late. The night was quite dark, and dark nights were best here, for a simple reason: the lights of the bridge attract small fish; these are not scattered, as they are on nights bright with moonlight. Tarpon, Redfish (Channel Bass), Robalo (Snook), even Jewfish and Shark that will bust ordinary tackle, all of them are there occasionally in season.

We parked Elmer's boat conveniently above the bridge and fished two at a time, letting our live bait —pinfish and grunts half the size of your hand, hooked in the lips—run down the tide without sinker to the lighted strip of water along our side of the bridge. When the bigger fish come along, you see, the wild little ones run for it, and only the bait is left, a situation that is hard to beat for good fishing chances.

Of course, if the big boy decides to run under the bridge and cuts the line on bridge barnacles, it is altogether too bad. Tarpon won't always go through. Scotty's didn't, but he was a sly old boy in other respects. 123-lbs, he weighed on correct scales, and

a BIG SCRAP at GANDY



By HAPSBURG LIEBE

in length he measured 6 feet, 4 inches.

Scotty had the first strike, a Channel Bass of some 20-lbs. It appears in the photo with the Tarpon. This was a nice enough battle. The next strike was mine, a small Tarpon, and I muffed it on the first jump—you know how difficult it is to drive a hook past the barb in the tough old mouth of this fish; unless you happen to hit one of the thinner spots, usually you are out of luck. The next strike went to Elmer's father; a fine Tarpon; it ran through the bridge, leaped and shook the hook neatly, and fell with a **smack!** that had me thinking of a barn door coming down flat-wise on the water.

An hour afterwards, Scotty's big strike came. He pulled on his wrapped Burma-cane rod with all his might. There was a brief, tense moment—then a flashing silver arc that reached to the level of the bridge floor, followed by a **ca-slosh-a-lunge** remindful of a heavy truck falling off the bridge. At once the fish sailed off up the bay so fast that the reel fairly smoked under the leather thumb brake. It was an old reel, 3/0, free-spool, without a drag handle. The other fishing man reeled in. Paul took out his watch and made note of the time.

Well, Scotty's Tarpon took out most of his line, and leaped again, off in the darkness; but the water was full of phosphorus that night, and we could see a great ragged splotch of white fire. Scott was in the forward end of the cockpit now. When his fish made this second leap, he stepped quickly backward to aid in tightening up his line and was in the open bait-well—he fell all over that half of the boat without ever letting go of the rod with either hand; quite a trick, let me tell you!

The Tarpon then began a wild rush toward the bridge, and I groaned at the prospect.

"Gone!" said Paul, and Elmer added: "Gone by-by!"

But he wasn't. He veered away from the pilings and ran back up the tide again, as though for a new start. Well, this Tarpon kept that up for all of a quarter of an hour, making swift runs up the bay and dashing back toward the bridge, but never quite going through. Scotty snubbed the fish pretty hard in the time of that; he seemed to know just how much the line would stand.

At last the runs became shorter. There was no third leap. Once the Tarpon passed under the boat, and quick footwork was necessary on the part of the man with the Burma-cane rod. We could see the long white streak the fish made in phosphorus-filled water; hard to describe the beauty of that. Twenty-nine minutes of the battle had passed, and Scotty was sweating like a worker in a harvest field. The strain was telling on him.

Then, quite suddenly, the Tarpon began another of his long runs into the dark bay. He finished it, turned, and began yet another wild dash toward the bridge—the wildest of them all, Paul said, and I agreed with him. Somehow Scotty's thumb-brake got out of place, and he blistered his right thumb. The fish was now very close to the bridge. It was then that Scott sinned his big sin.

To check the reel he clapped his right forearm against the handle. It checked the handle all right, but not the reel. There was a grinding sound. The worn old gears had stripped!

And then there happened a thing that proved once more an old claim of mine, a claim to the effect that a fish, when tired enough, will stop fighting if one will only release the pressure on the hook. That Tarpon stopped fighting the moment the gears went bad!

"Oh, gosh, Hap," Scotty said, "what will we do now?"

Ordinarily I'd have told him it was his fish. As it was, I stepped to him and made sure the free-spool lever hadn't slipped. Elmer was just behind me. This Elmer had a head on his shoulders, not merely a knob to hang his hat on. He said:

"I wonder if that fool fish will sulk like that long enough for me to tie my line on Scotty's at the tip of his rod, and cut his line this side of the knot, and take the fish on to my rig? It's the only chance I see, Hap."

"Slim chance," I said, "but I don't see anything else to do, so let's try it."

Elmer got into action at once. He had a dandy outfit: a second-growth hickory rod, new line, and one of the best reels. Sulking, or merely tired and resting, the big Tarpon scarcely moved while the line transfer was being made. It seemed a very long time to us all. The fish could have spoiled the plan in a split second. Incidentally, I now recall having read of some famous sportsman's resorting to this same thing when fishing in New Zealand waters, so our trick was hardly original.

When the lines were tied and Scott's line cut free, Elmer worked the knot carefully back on his reel. The fish came easily until he saw the boat, then the scrap was on again. Fortunately, our silver king kept clear of the bridge during this part of the scrap.

When forty minutes had passed since Paul's noting the starting time, two of us with gaffs pulled the fish over the rail and into the cockpit. Then came that which to me—to the entire party, I think—was more striking even than the battle itself. It was both tragedy and drama. Perhaps only those who fish for the good of their immortal souls can thoroughly understand. To others it is a simple thing.

Scotty's Tarpon, or Elmer's, as you like, lifted his great tail and brought it down on the cockpit floor in a blow that shook the boat—and never moved again. It lay there then, so very still, truly a king in state.

END

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

(Continued from Page 7)

tary Joyce Teagle, Treasurer Charrine Pledger.

Board of Directors — 1. Midge Presnell, 2. Charline Pledger, 3. Betty Guy Cooper, 4. Cathlyn McClain, 5. Bobbie Harmon, 6. Joyce Teagle, 7. Vickey Dailey.

Total membership paid—100%.

Meeting place—Civic Center and homes of members.

Meeting time — Twice to three times a month.

Sponsor—Looking for a sponsor.

☆

Port St. Joe High Sportsman's Club.

Membership—16.

Officers—President Walter Wilder, Vice President Jerry Phillips, Secretary Robert Nedley, Treasurer Bert Munn.

Board of Directors—Dick Dawson, Oliner Harper, Betty Jordon, Walter Wilder, Robert Nedley, Bert Munn, Jerry Phillips.

Advisor—Mr. W. Phillips.

Amount of money in treasury—$2.00.

Meeting place—Port St. Joe High School.

Meeting time—1st and 3rd Mondays of each month.

☆

Bristol Jr. Conservation Club.

Membership—15.

Officers—President Tommy Sumner, Vice President Ed. Neel Dekle, Secretary Jimmy Conner, Treasurer Robert Hathcock.

Board of directors—To be elected.

Amount in the treasury—$13.75.

Meeting place — Liberty County Court House.

Meeting times — Fourth Wednesday of each month.

☆

Greensboro High School Jr. Conservation Club.

Membership—13.

Officers — President Mack Eubanks, Vice President Walter Sharpton, Secretary Glyn Singletary, Treasurer Durwood Sharpton.

Board of directors—1. Mack Eubanks, 2. Walter Sharpton, 3. Durwood Sharpton, 4. Max Watson, 5. Glyn Singletary.

Treasurer's report—$12.00.

Meeting place—School.

Meeting time—1st and 3rd Thursday of each month. END

One of the newest junior clubs to enter the League is the Halifax Junior Conservation Club of Daytona Beach. Officiating at the election was League Secretary Denver Ste. Claire. Those elected to office were Dick Adams, president; Jim Wilson, vice president; and David Eith, secretary-treasurer.

THE CASE HISTORY OF A POND

The treatment of lakes and ponds can be compared to medical treatment of ailing patients in the hospital, or so the "doctors" in Massachusetts tell us. Here is the case history of one body of water.

Patient's name and address: Five-Mile Pond, Springfield, Mass.

Age: A few hundred thousand years, but small for its age, being only 48 acres in size.

Medical History: Patient's record shows a long series of complaints dating from 1911. It is believed that some treatments were given prior to this time, but no records are available.

In 1911 the complaint from the patient was poor fishing, so treatment of 100,000 walleye fry and 97 adult white perch was administered.

Four years later the patient again complained and this time he received 250,000 yellow perch fry.

In the following years up to and including 1950, the patient was given 415,074 adult and fingerling fish, composed of the following species: white perch, yellow perch, bullhead, catfish, walleye, smallmouth bass, largemouth bass, chain pickerel, crappie, pumpkinseed, bluegill, shiners, goldfish, and numerous other forage fish.

The patient was administered, treated with, injected with, received, placed on diet, maintained on that diet, given and fed fish, both adult and fry.

In 1953 the patient again complained about poor fishing. This time it was purged with a 5 per cent solution of poison.

Laboratory Report (Autopsy): Subject found to contain no traces of either smallmouth bass or white perch, although both regularly administered for 40 years in various size doses. Treatment with bluegill was a resounding success, and 101,900 units of this product, averaging 2.7 inches in length, were recovered. One slightly neurotic catfish was found, and one large and well-fed eel. A few thousand bullhead, yellow perch, and pumpkinseed were noted, as well as 800 pickerel and 600 largemouth bass of assorted sizes. No trace has yet been found of 14 goldfish stocked in 1931. Attending physicians believe the subject's poor health can be mainly attributed to the large and ill-prescribed doses of fish which it received. This lake was literally "fished to death."

Editor's Note: This lake has since been re-incarnated as a trout pond, and its prognosis is favorable.

....Massachusetts Wildlife

FLAT-WALLET PHOTOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 15)

give exactly the same exposure, though not the same depths of focus. For example, pictures taken at 1/25 of a second at f.22, 1/50 of a second at f.16, 1/100 at f.11, and 1/200 at f.8, give identical exposure to a film of the same type and rated sensitivity. Good snapshots, under ordinary conditions, can often be made with a guesswork setting of 1/50 of a second at f.16 or f.11, using orthochromatic film, without a filter; and at 1/100 and stop opening f.22, used with fast-pan film but no filter. If it is a picture you must capture beyond doubt, take one picture at what you consider correct exposure for existing conditions. Then take two more —one with a little more exposure and one with less than your first attempt. One will surely give a good print.

For still subjects, for which you will have plenty of time to plan and make the exposure, don't hesitate to use a measuring tape to get exact distances. Some of the best photographers do. It is no disgrace to measure short distances between camera and subject to obtain critically sharp focusing. Knowing the exact distance, you can set your distance scale accurately and then be free to concentrate on correct lens opening and shutter speed.

When taking pictures of persons or pets, move in close to get detail and animation in the final product. When photographing children or pets, consider a camera level that will show them to best advantage.

Rifle shooting and picture taking are much akin. To be good at either, you must assume a momentarily steady position, aim properly and smoothly squeeze off the shot. A sudden jerking of the trigger at the moment of firing is invariably fatal to good results, be the instrument a rifle or a camera.

Another type of folding camera is the German-made Rolfix. Complete with f/4.5 coated lens and shutter speeds up to 1/250 second, it can be purchased in this country for $36.50.

Whenever possible, steady your camera by holding your upper arms and elbows against your body when shooting pictures from the standing position. When aiming your camera from a sitting position, brace your elbows against your knees, or just a little bit below the knees, as in shooting a rifle. Gradually, you will learn that there is one spot on the kneecaps, or just below them, where the elbows will tend to rest firmly.

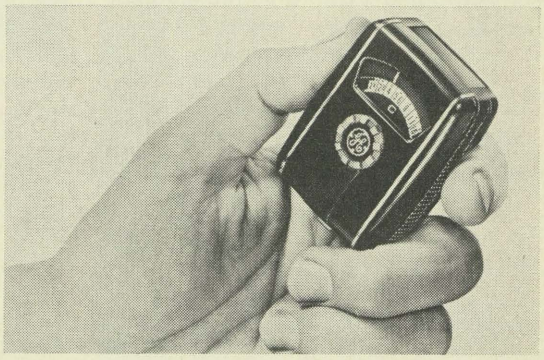
If you set your camera on the ground for a low angle shot, be careful that your feet, or those of bystanders, do not scuff sand in the camera's direction. Some expensive shutter repairs have had to be made because of a single moment of carelessness.

Modern camera cases offer carrying convenience and protection to equipment, but their true value can be measured by how quickly you can open them, extract the camera and take a picture. Many of the most desired hunting and fishing possibilities, so-called "once-in-a-lifetime" incidents, are short lived. To record them on film you must have your camera within easy reach, be able to adjust and use it quickly.

Some of the plastic cases have plenty of style but are notorious for their absorption of heat from an otherwise beneficial Florida sun. In the same class is the closed glove compartment of an automobile. Either "hot box" will be unkind to a loaded camera or extra film.

Active sportsmen can carry cameras and film conveniently and safely in one of the better-quality insulated bags, made for taking home frozen foods. Some types require the addition of a waterproof, sandproof lining of heavyweight pliofilm. The insulated-type carrying case can be tucked in tackle box, in the bow of a boat, or in one of the game pockets of a hunting jacket—quickly accessible but providing camera and film with protection against heat, blowing sand and sudden showers.

One sure, fast way of acquiring picture taking skill is to compare and analyze your developed negatives. To do this methodically and beneficially, you'll have to go to the trouble of making simple technical records of your initial efforts. A good idea is to make up some pocket-size file cards, lined to permit jotting down of technical information under such titles as date, subject, short description of pose or scene, time of day, light conditions, camera focused for (distance), size lens opening used, shutter speed and remarks. You fill out a card for each exposure made, preferably right on the spot to avoid tricks and lapses of memory. If, say, a developed negative shows underexposure, you check your card records for the exposure you gave that particular picture and then figure on increasing exposure for a similar subject under corresponding conditions. Or attach your technical card record to its matching negative and send both to either the Eastman or Ansco people for free analysis.



Some of the new exposure meters, like this one, give "one answer" readings — you set your camera for whatever f/-number the pointer indicates.

Don't make the mistake of trying to analyze your photo faults by studying finished prints; always examine the negatives. A good negative, properly exposed, with good contrast and detail, can be made to yield a pleasing print by having the finisher match it to the correct printing paper. The basic story will always be found in the developed negative.

If you have your pictures developed and printed commercially, you will cut down on the cost if you specify "Developing Only." You then select from among the finished negatives the ones that will yield the best prints and more desirable poses or scenes, and have only those contact printed or enlarged.

Unless you prove to be exceptionally talented, don't try to make your photography hobby a fulltime profession. You'll likely find the competition keen, the going frequently tough, disappointing and expensive. Let your hobby be *fun*, without the pressure of commercial production.

END.

UP THE NORTH FORK

(Continued from Page 18)

As the Florida sun was beginning to ease up and start to creep down behind the moss hung trees I had just made a nice short cast under some branches into an inviting spot. The plug landed just where I wanted it, lay still until the circles disappeared, started to go under as I started to retrieve and stopped suddenly as the rod was nearly jolted from my hand. The fish came straight up from the bottom, grabbed the lure and went into the air with a noisy smash. It was so startling that before I could say, "micropterus salmoides floridanus," the plug was thrown clear and with a splash the bass went some place else. There went the biggest I had had on for the day.

Not long after Jack got a good smash, but he being a more proficient bass angler than I and having tangled with these St. Lucie babies before, he hung on. His bass made a couple of jumps and then bore down under the hyacinths and it took some patient maneuvering on Jack's part to coax the fish out, but out it came, the water geysering up as the bass leaped high into the air, splashing us both and shaking its head viciously, but it had a good mouthful of plug and was well hooked. Jack finally led it up to the boat and after lifting it in, it tipped the scales at well over five pounds.

Then I tied into one that got himself and me all tangled up in the vegetation. We had to run the boat up into the plants and found that he had snubbed himself so tightly around the hyacinth stems that he had no room to jump. To get the fish loose one of us lifted the plants out of the water while the other untangled Mr. Bass. This was another three pounder, plus.

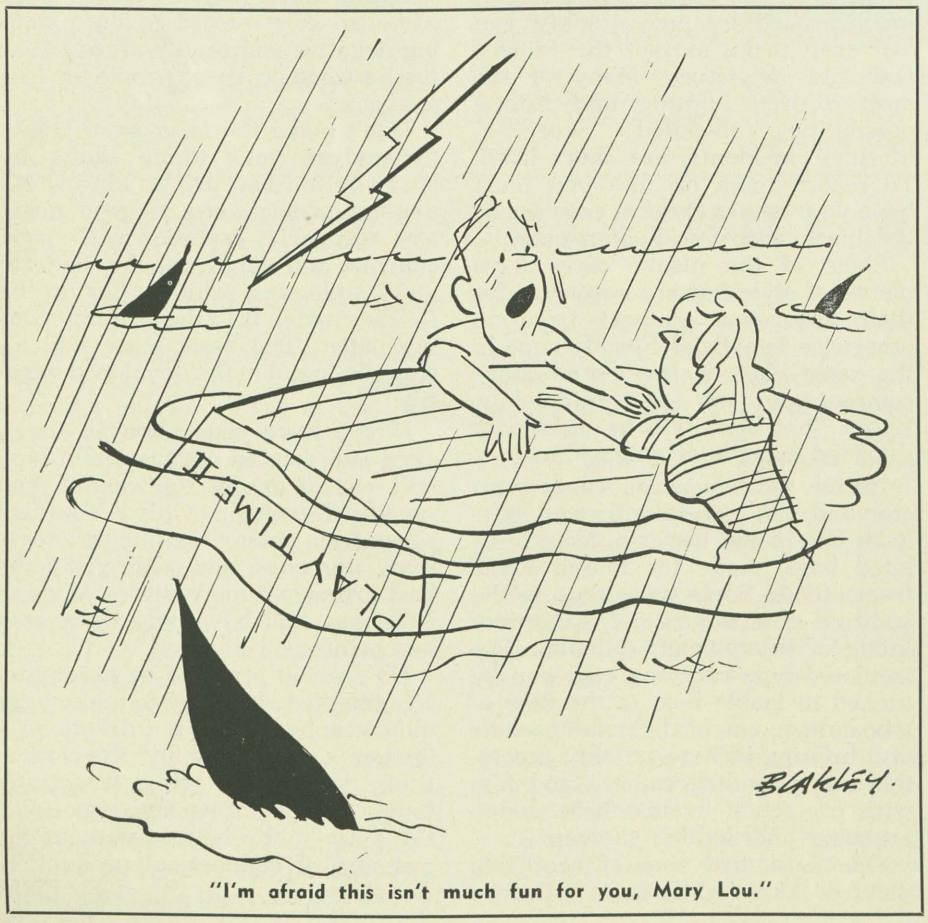
The sun was getting lower and the forest or jungle on each side of the river was coming to life. On the way up we had scarcely heard a sound nor seen any sign of wildlife, but now as the shadows were getting deeper there were all kinds of squeeks, squawks, croaks and other noises. Over head a flock or two of Ibis flew at tree top level, headed up the river, going to roost, perhaps.

I had signed off from fishing and was letting my gaze wander hither and yon, taking in the scenery when my eyes nearly popped, for there parallel to the boat about ten yards away was the nose of a 'gator swimming in our direction. Speechless, I could only make motions to Jack, but as he was then busy switching to a long, fat yellow plug with flittered spots on it, he only got a short glimpse of the 'gator when it submerged. I gulped hard, hoping that it was not going to come up under the boat.

Jack made a fairly long cast from the stern straight up the water, in the wake of the boat, the plug had just started to sink a little when a big vee came from the right, grabbed it and started off with it. In a couple of seconds the river exploded, the water shot up into the air and in the spray was a monstrous bass, that appeared to be, well it looked at the very least to be three times as big as the five pounder we had on the stringer. This grand-daddy of all bass didn't made a dash for the hyacinths as did its predecessors, but elected to stay and fight it out in mid-channel. It bore down and tried bull-dogging it for a while. Jack's light rod was bent almost in a circle and it was all he could do to hold it and turn the fish again. I had cut the motor at Jack's bidding and was endeavoring to hold the boat in the open water with the only oar we had. Finally, it came up again; into the air with another tremendous splash, then down again only to come soaring into the air again about fifteen feet in back of the boat, and so help me it went better than six feet into the air, a huge bundle of bronze fury. Its open maw looked big enough to stick your head in; you could plainly see the vivid scarlet gills and hear its gill covers rattle like a Spanish dancer's castanets as it heaved the plug free that landed against the transom of the boat with a resounding bang, and it was gone in a welter of spray.

After a little conversation as to how big it was and a few guesses as to how much it would have weighed, Jack sorta clammed up, stowed his gear away and was a little bit downcast after losing such a monster. And it was a powerful monster, that's for sure, remembering that we had the current with us.

It was quite dark when we landed back at Bert's and after recounting to him the size of the one that got away, we left and only stopped in Stuart long enough for some refreshment, before going home to the task of cleaning, skinning and filleting our catch. END



"I'm afraid this isn't much fun for you, Mary Lou."

FISHING

By CHUCK SCHILLING

IT IS NO SECRET that my favorite fish is the snook. On the long rod or with spinning gear, the snook is all round champion of light tackle Florida game fish. On the plug rod or light trolling tackle, the snook is still in there, outshining all the rest as a tackle busting roughneck.

Not content being tops in the light tackle field, the snook is, also, the hands down winner in the shout and holler sweepstakes. Everything about the snook is controversial. There are three separate species found in Florida waters that are so similar even the experts hesitate to make positive identifications. He is a prized commercial species. Commercial fishermen, using sporting tackle, probably sell more snook than are taken altogether in the nets. The licensed commercial fisherman claims to have no objection to the snook coming under protective regulations, but such proposals have been viewed with much alarm by the so-called sporting element.

To make the picture complete, there is a reasonable doubt as to whether the snook is a fresh or a salt water fish. Biologists and ichthyologists hem and haw when the subject is mentioned. Enough evidence is available to make a good case for either side—and so it goes.

But fresh or salt, game fish or commercial, the snook has earned a warm place in the hearts of all sportsmen.

Jason Lucas is well-known to millions as the Angling Editor of SPORTS AFIELD Magazine and as a top authority on bass fishing. Several years ago, I received a letter from Lucas telling of plans to spend a few months in Florida fishing and visiting around the state. Lucas admitted he was a stranger to snook and was looking forward to making their acquaintance.

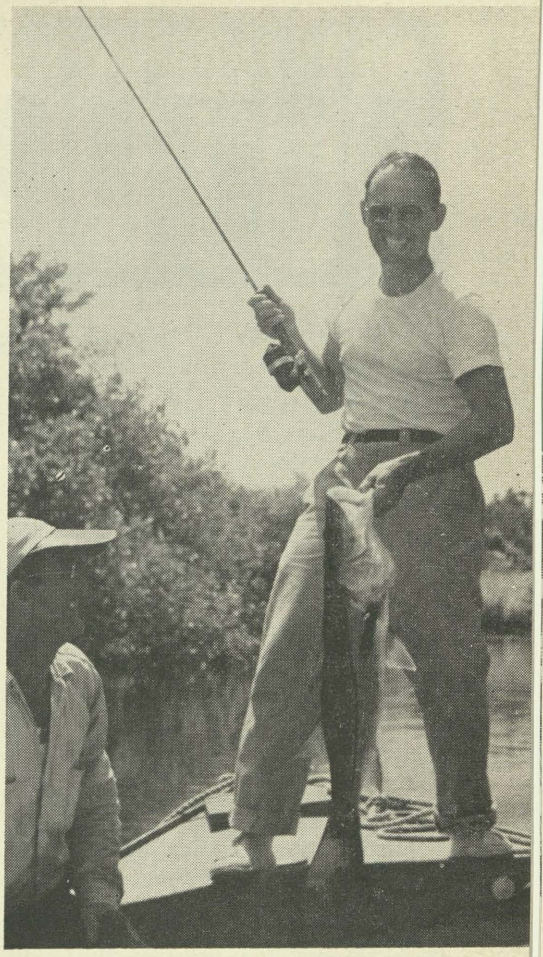
After much exchange of correspondence, Lucas, his wife, Iris, and Tigre, their Siamese cat, arrived in Jensen Beach. Lucas was all primed for St. Lucie River snook and took off the following morning with blood in his eye. I started him out with a light fly rod and popping bugs.

The weeks that followed found Lucas on the south fork of the St. Lucie from daylight to dark EVERY day. The man went MAD about snook. Each day's success and failure was a spur to further campaigns. Bushels of mail accumulated on his desk unanswered. Writing commitments went unfulfilled. Other trips originally planned around the state were forgotten in his first attack of snook fever.

He caught snook. He had to change some deeply seated ideas. He had to revise his thinking on several theories, but he caught snook, and he caught them on extremely light tackle. He had a wonderful time. Before the fever waned, Lucas had stretched his Jensen Beach sojourn from his original estimate of "about a week" to seven long months. Such is the effect of snook on even the experts.

The dog days of summer are traditionally known as poor bass fishing, and if you follow the usual pattern of insisting on top water lures during this season, the forecast of poor fishing may be true indeed. Whether or not your bass fishing falls off as summer advances, plan to make a try for snook before cooler weather puts the big bass back on the prowl. If you want to have REAL fun, take your bass tackle along and use it. Shun the usual heavy salt water outfit. With the lighter rig, you'll have much more action and will catch plenty of fish.

I stopped in to buy some shirts at Wolf Brothers in Tampa the other day and attempted to talk about the Tampa Tarpon Tournament with the salesman, who turned out to be Harold Wolf. I asked, "Are many tarpon being taken now?" Wolf said, "I went fishing yesterday and caught five snook from between the pilings under a dock. One weighed almost 12 pounds." He beamed at me, "Did you ever try fishing for snook under a dock?" Ignoring the obvious bait, I said, "I suppose the Tarpon Tournament entries are now coming in by the hundreds." Paying no attention to me, Wolf said, "It looks like a good season for snook.



Combine a 12½ pound snook such as this with a six pound monafilament strung spinning outfit, and you have angling action unsurpassed.

There are definitely more of them in the bay now than there were at this time last year, and they average larger in size." I thought I'd try one more time. Speaking slowly, I said, "The Tampa TARPON Tournament is certainly getting to be a big thing." Wolf turned and looked me straight in the eye. He said, "Look — I'm talking about snook." And talk about snook we did, long enough for me to collect a one dollar overtime parking ticket.

Harold Wolf's attitude about snook is not unusual. Snook fishermen seem to get that way. A few years ago, the South Bend Bait Co. made a movie down in the Ten Thousand Islands of the west coast, called "Big Tarpon on Bass Tackle." The purpose was to record on film the action big tarpon give when light tackle is used. This was a color film and, as the sun's brilliance began to fade in the late afternoon, the camera man would call a halt to the day's picture taking.

His shout of, "That's all for today," was the signal for all hands to head for the mangroves and snook fishing, which would continue until

(Continued on Page 39)

OUTDOOR REVIEWER

By JACK SHOEMAKER

WILD FLOWERS OF AMERICA, Paintings by Mary Vaux Walcott, with additional paintings by Dorothy Falcon Platt, published by The Greystone Press, New York 13, N. Y. Price $10.00.

Every once in a while we see a book that might be of interest to women; when I receive such a book, I usually let my wife look it over and give me her opinion of it for use in my column. She took one look at this book and I haven't seen it since. Now I understand that the book is about to be torn apart and the paintings in it will be framed for use as presents to her friends.

That was an angle I hadn't thought about until she put several of the paintings in frames and showed them to me. They were really beautiful and I know that anyone receiving such a framed painting would be very impressed with it.

This book reproduces 400 exquisite paintings of Mrs. Walcott, and botanists the world over realize that her paintings are famous. She painted direct from nature every wild flower she could find, at dawn or at sunset on mountain ledges, or near river basins and swamps. In order to get as close as humanly possible in reproducing the paintings, extra quality offset paper, with a natural color and the addition of titanium for opacity was custom made for the edition of this book.

To give you an idea of the original cost of reproducing these paintings a set was once made to sell for $500.00, then later on for $100.00. But now, Ralph M. Duenewalk, the original printer, has come out with a handsome volume measuring 8¾ inches wide by 12 inches high, for a $10.00 book.

* * * *

DUCKS, GEESE AND SWANS OF NORTH AMERICA, By Francis H. Kortright, Published by The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Penna. Price $6.50.

Very few sportsmen have ever tried to learn something about the game they go after, the wildlife they see, or the fields and forests they travel through. I feel that if these hunters knew something about the ducks and geese they pursue, they would be much the better for this knowledge. Such is the vein that this book is written in, it's not a story and it's not a very readable book. But it is full of facts that will answer the questions of persons seeking specific information about the waterfowl population.

You'll read about the whys and wherefores of waterfowl management, and you'll see the birds with the help of competent artists who painted full-color plates of the many species. But more important than the identifications and life histories of the varied members of the duck, goose and swan families you'll read about what conservation agencies are learning on methods and means of improving the waterfowl hunting situation for children of the future.

It's a library of necessary information for anyone engaged in such work and probably the best collection of waterfowl records, facts and figures ever put together. Wonderful for reference material.

* * * *

TRICKS THAT TAKE FISH, By Harold F. Blaisdell, Published by Henry Holt and Company, New York, N. Y. Price $3.95.

Here are scores of unusual, fish catching tricks that will help you to fool trout wherever they're found, and strings of new deceptions for sure-fire pickerel-killers, plus secrets for nabbing panfish.

Of most importance here in Florida are the many new gimmicks for taking black bass. This section deals with bait, plug and porkchunk casting for the largemouths. It gives you new slants of flyrodding and spinning and shows you slight changes in your regular techniques that will produce more and bigger fish.

Blaisdell's first suggestion for more and bigger bass is small hooks, light leaders and tiny sinkers, and he goes into detail on the use of these items, as well as live bait and plugs for better fishing. You'll enjoy reading a section on his catching a bass without the plug touching the water. Nuf sed, read the book for further information on increasing your fishing pleasures.

* * * *

CULTURE AND DISEASES OF GAME FISHES, By H. S. Davis, Published by The University of California Press, Berkeley 4, Calif. Price $5.00.

This is a book strictly for the fish management technician for you have to understand the scientific terms used in the book to know what's cooking with the fish. For the technical person, however, it is a valuable book and it is one of the most comprehensive accounts of fish management activities ever published.

There are several sections that can be easily understood by the layman and if you care to dig deep enough in the section on pond culture and black bass propagation you'll come up with material that will be of much help to you in the culture of warm water fishes.

The author's comments on farm ponds are interesting, but he advises landowners not to put too much emphasis on the production of fish to the detriment of other equally valuable features of the pond, such as drinking water for livestock, boating and swimming, etc.

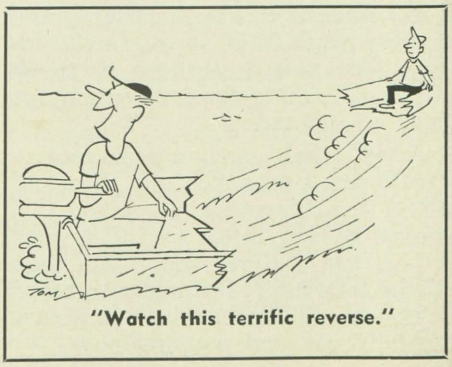
I would say that those interested in fish biology will enjoy this book while the person interested in plain fishing will not. It's a shame that we do not have more persons interested in learning more about the culture of fish for perhaps then they'd understand some of the many difficulties surrounding sports fishing of today.

* * * *

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, 3 Volumes, Authored by numerous experts in the field of Wildlife. Published by the Greystone Press Corporation, New York 13, N. Y. Price $15.50.

Are you looking for a small library? That is, do you have only so much room and must it be filled with the best books there are on the

(Continued on Page 41)



"Watch this terrific reverse."

(Continued from Page 19)

investigating bromeliads a good many years ago, and within the plants they found ants, beetles, mosquitoes, spiders, millipedes, centipedes, slugs, snails, frogs, salamanders, lizards, snakes, birds' nests, rats, mice, and even opossums. Some of these creatures visited air-plants only occasionally; others spent most or all of their lives in them, living, breeding, and dying in the plants.

In parts of Florida, air-plants are as abundant—at least in numbers if not in kinds—as they are in the tropical jungles. In Big Cypress Swamp of Collier County, almost every little pond cypress supports one or more bromeliads. Often several species are found growing upon the same tree. Colonies of the plants are met with at scattered localities throughout the southern half of the peninsula. A few hardy species range still farther north, although most of these are not of the water-retaining sort.

In Florida, just as in the countries farther south, a host of little creatures inhabit the air-plants. Snails and millipedes are abundant, along with mosquitoes, crane-flies, tiny gray moths, beetles, and several kinds of spiders. The "chameleon," that familiar little green or brown lizard, is also present in numbers, along with squirrel-frogs and green tree-frogs.

In winter, when the cypress trees are all leafless, the bromeliads are very conspicuous, most of them being in full flower. The showiest of Florida's air-plants is known to botanists as *Tillandsia fasciculata;* it is very common in the southern part of the state, where it is popularly called "pineapple air-plant." In this species the greenish-gray leaves are tipped with pink; the rich purple flowers are small, but are cradled by large, crimson bracts. When seen from a distance, the whole flowering stalk, as much as two feet in length, appears to be a spike of flaming red. Largest of our air-plants is *Tillandsia utriculata,* a species with cream-colored flowers and green bracts. This remarkable plant reaches a height of 6 feet or more, and its leaves may hold two or three quarts of water. Several other bromeliads are found in Florida, including one in which the flowers are pale greenish-white and the bracts rose pink and cream.

When the larger air-plants finish blooming, the colored bracts remain but the petals drop away, to be replaced by silky white tufts. These bromeliads produce great numbers of tiny seeds, each with a little downy "parachute." When the seeds are ripe, they drift away on the breeze, and some find lodging in a crevice on the branch or trunk of a tree. These soon sprout, and new plants begin their lives. The parent plant, meanwhile, has been slowly wilting and turning brown; for these bromeliads, like the century-plant to which they are distantly related, bloom but once in a lifetime. Often many of the seeds fall back into the bromeliad that produced them, and a whole new colony springs into being from the remains of the old plant.

During dry spells, the Everglades and Big Cypress Swamp may go entirely dry. There may be no standing water anywhere in the vicinity, except in the air-plants. It has been claimed that early explorers in this area, caught without drinking water, thrived on the liquid from these plants. Truly they were brave men! The water trapped in bromeliads often becomes a sort of soup, consisting of rain water, condensed dew, dust, decaying leaves, plant juices, and the droppings of various creatures, plus numerous living, dying, and decomposed insects. Some botanists claim that the plants absorb certain nutriments from this brew; no doubt it is quite nourishing. In occasional bromeliads, the water is clear and only faintly odoriferous; perhaps it was to such as these that our heroes turned. More seriously, however, it is probable that the South Florida swamps never went completely dry in the days before drainage and reclamation projects; the early explorers could usually find some convenient stream or pool.

Each air-plant is not only a showy and decorative plant; it is the home of a whole community of little creatures. Air-plants play an important role in the scheme of Nature; their protection should be encouraged.

END.

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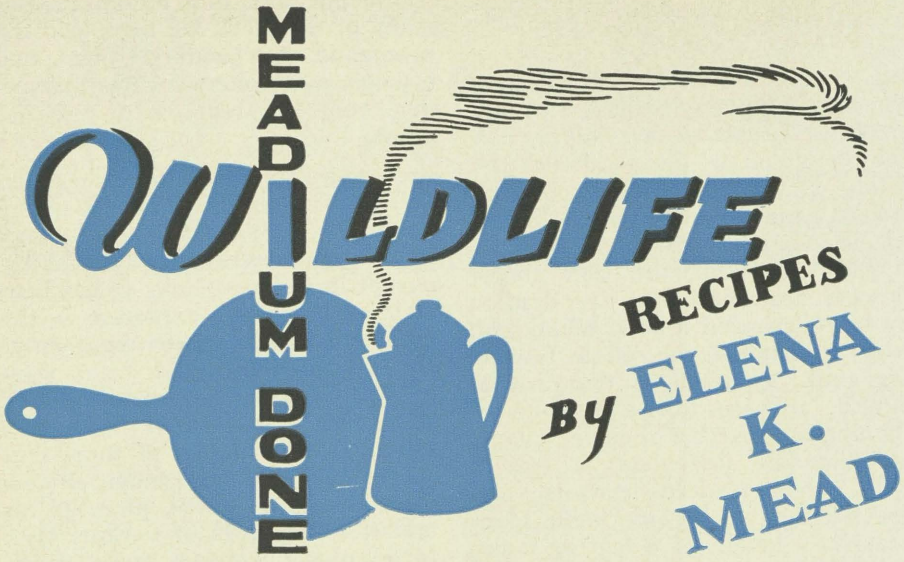


THE GENTLEMAN from Jacksonville who recently made inquiry regarding armadillo recipes might be interested to know that in his native habitat — Mexico and Texas — the armadillo is considered by many to be a delicacy, about on a par with quail.

Found mainly in counties on the East Coast in Florida, this oddity of the animal world is thought to have gotten its start in this State when a pair escaped from a zoo at Cocoa about 12 years ago.

Floridians, not knowing of the armadillo's potential as a source of food have cursed this armour-plated mammal for his damage to lawns, flower-beds, and citrus groves. Not wantonly destructive, the armadillo takes his food where he finds it, among weeds or flowers. And it should be of general interest to all of us that he subsists mainly on roaches, mosquitos, ants, flies, caterpillars, et cetera.

Related to the anteater family, the armadillo greatly resembles the pig in appearance. In fact, many Texas families referred to him during the last depression as "the poor man's hog." Incidentally, the meat is very rich and light-colored, and when cooked closely resembles pork in flavor.

Armadillos, because of their protective covering, are usually shot through the head with a .22 rifle, and the meat removed from the shell with a sharp knife. Legs and belly must be skinned. As in dressing a turtle, be sure none of the body fluids touch the meat or a heavy musky taste will result.

Wash thoroughly and soak overnight in strong salt water to which has been added ½ teaspoonful of red pepper for each gallon of water. Drain and parboil, then cook any preferred way. As to best methods of preparing for the table, a colored woman of our acquaintance advises, "Just cook 'im like you would any hawg meat." We suggest:

BAKED ARMADILLO

Stuff armadillo with sage or celery dressing. Place in roasting pan, and bake in a moderate oven, basting often. If an excess amount of fat cooks out of the meat, remove by dipping. Bake as long as you would a pork roast of the same size (20-25 minutes to the pound after oven reaches 350°). Serve with baked sweet potatoes and tossed salad.

BARBECUED ARMADILLO

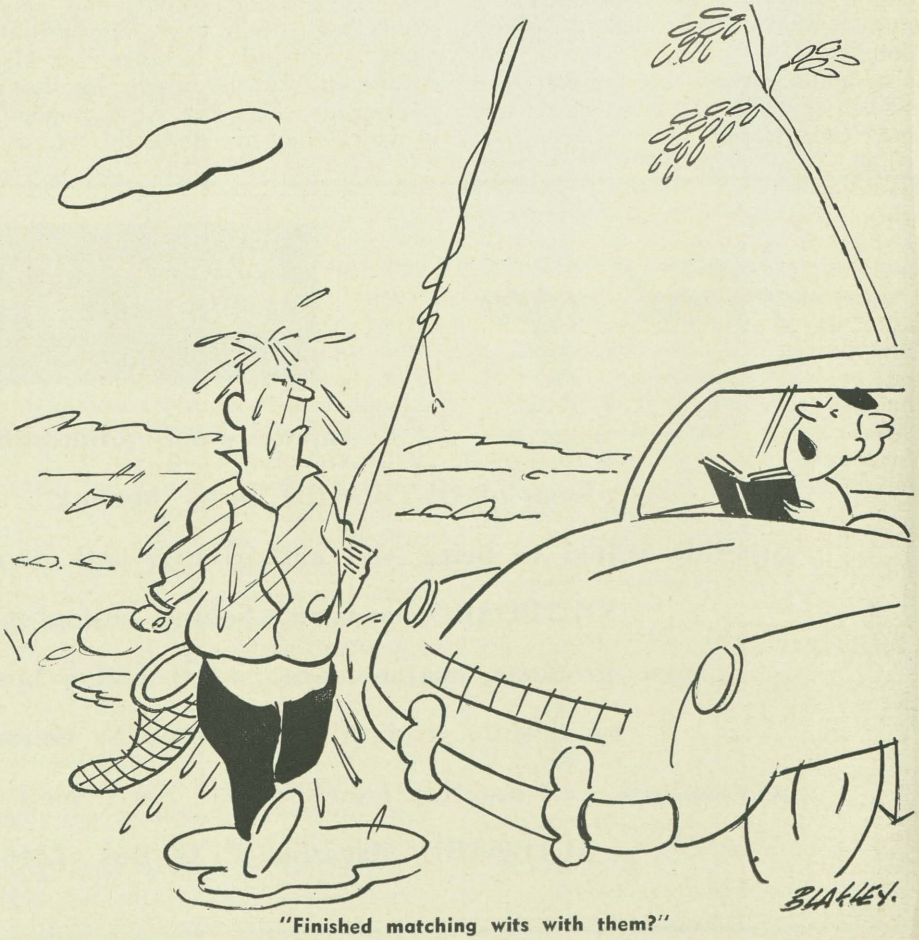
If cooked in an oven, cut in serving pieces, season with salt and a little black pepper and bake until nearly done. Pour off excess fat, cover generously with your favorite barbecue sauce, and finish baking, uncovered.

ARMADILLO DELIGHT

A friend of ours suggests that the "beginner" use the following recipe to camouflage your first go-round with armadillo, if you feel a little squeamish about eating this strange-looking little creature:

Cut meat from bones and cover with cold water. Parboil and drain. Cover with luke-warm water and bring again to a boil, skimming any excess fat that rises to the top. Turn heat low and simmer for hours or until very tender, watching to see that just enough liquid is kept on meat to "float" it.

In the meantime, peel and add three or four sliced tomatoes, a good-sized onion diced, a cup of diced celery, ¼ cup vinegar, a dash each of powdered cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, mustard and allspice. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly for most of day, and serve with steamed rice. Some think the flavor is even better the second day. END.



"Finished matching wits with them?"

APPOINTMENT IN OKEECHOBEE

(Continued from Page 11)

circular surge away from the boat the bass parted the line and went away from there. I didn't see him bite the line but Billy claims he did. At any rate, when I hauled it in the broken part was jagged. Billy must have been right.

It's a hard thing to lose a wonderful fish like that. For days afterward you catch him over and over. You wake up nights and you have hold of him again. You see him heading again for the bonnets. Once again you rear back and check him. It's a hard thing to lose a fish like that and yet in a very real sense you never lose him. Because he and the whole incident are a part of you forever afterward.

The same can't be said for the lure, however. Especially a lure like Old Pop. Pop had taken bass from the Georgia mountain lakes of Burton and Rabun, from the Piedmont Allatoona and Jackson Lakes, from the famous Banks Lake and the Twin Lakes in South Georgia, and from the beautiful Juniper Run, Lake George and Lake Kerr in the Ocala National Forest. And now somewhere in the mighty Lake Okeechobee was an equally mighty bass making his way haltingly with Old Pop securely fastened to his lips. I expressed the hope to Billy Johnson that this lunker would be able to disgorge the lure. "He will," said Billy. "He'll get rid of it. Bass have an ingredient in their juices which soon eats away the metal hooks of a lure. He'll get rid of your plug within three days." All I could do was hope that this would happen.

Billy and I took home twelve bass after an hour and a half's fishing that late April afternoon. We had put back probably twenty more and had missed thirty or forty other strikes but neither of us will ever forget the lunker who accepted the challenge of my favorite bait, Old Pop, and who took it away from me and lived to tell the story. I'm going back to Okeechobee Lake some day and back to Johnson's Camp. And if possible, I will get Billy Johnson to take me back to the Last Chance fishing hole. And there once again I would like to meet the old champion and slug it out with him again.

Somehow, I feel I have an appointment with him on Okeechobee.

END.

SCHILLING'S FISHING

(Continued from Page 35)

dark. This, mind you, after a long day of fishing for tarpon. This after hours' snook fishing was so memorable that one of the party picked up the nickname of Snooky that he wore like a crown.

I think there is only one fish that swims that could attract such attention and devotion away from the lordly tarpon. I am, personally, acquainted with this noble fish, and I love him like a brother. His name is snook. If you haven't already done so, make his acquaintance. He is a grand guy to know.

Keep your tackle light. Keep only those snook you want for your immediate needs. Keep tight lines and have fun. END

Only those plants and trees with a heavy waxy protective coating on the leaves are free from the burning action of salt spray along ocean beaches.

The vanilla vine is a true member of the orchid family.

THE WAYS OF SUCCESSFUL ANGLING

(Continued from Page 25)

prove no good, give wet flies a go. Pick out a pair of wets, one of very bright hue and another of drab color. One of course goes on the end of the line, the other five or six feet up the leader. Try the free drift cast as with the nymph. If this strategy meets with failure, we still have another chance.

The spider flies, specimens with outsized hackles, will often turn the trick when fish are reluctant. With these lures, always cast upstream so the spider drifts down, tossing and skipping with the current.

Since I've followed this plan of attack, I've seldom failed to put at least a fish or two in the pouch. Try it, friend. Could turn the trick for you, too. END.

The red and black seeds from the Asian sandalwood tree are often used as beads.

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MIAMI BEACH SIXTH FISHING TOURNEY

The Sixth Annual Miami Beach Summer Fishing Tournament of the Miami Beach Anglers Club recently got under way.

The Sportsmen's Club of Dade County have launched a campaign to build a beautiful new Club house on Blue Lagoon Lake on N.W. 7th Street, Miami.

The Dade County Conservation Council, composed of many member organizations, and formerly headed by E. B. Moylan Jr., now have as their skipper, John C. Womble Jr.

An increasing number of Air Boat organizations are affiliating with the Federation. A Charter Air Boat member was the Airboat Association of Miami, piloted by Hugh R. Wilson.

Members of the Rod and Reel Club recently enjoyed a week's cruise to Bimini aboard some twenty-odd cruisers, outboards, and sailboats. The cruise was made under the escort of a U.S. Coast Guard Cutter.

DIRECTORS MEETING AT ZEPHYRHILLS

A First District Directors' Meeting of the FLORIDA WILDLIFE FEDERATION, held recently at Zephyrhills, came up with a number of interesting discussions and proposals.

Of Statewide interest was the acceptance of a revised Charter and By-Laws of the Federation. A report from the Treasurer that all the old bills carried on the books since before 1950, when the Federation went on a pay-as-we-go-basis, have been paid or otherwise liquidated. The Florida Wildlife Federation is now free of any debt whatsoever. Among proposals under discussion were: Closed season for live-bait or "shiner" fishing during the spawning season of black bass; jobber-fee or tax for selling domestic or imported minnows; and to license or regulate Fresh Water Fishing Guides.

Another proposal debated was an Advisory Committee to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and Department of Conservation, to be composed of a sportsman from each district.

Of great importance to Sportsmen, who fish the waters of the Gulf from St. Marks to Steinhatchee, and the Fenholloway River and its tributaries, was the discussion of pollution emanating from manufacturing plants situated in Foley, Florida.

An Act of 1947 (House Bill No. 242) granted every municipal corporation, and every person, firm or other corporation operating any manufacturing or industrial plant in Taylor County, Florida, the right and power to discharge and deposit sewage, industrial and chemical wastes and effluents into the waters of the Fenholloway River and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico into which the river flows. State legislation will doubtless be needed to undo the damage this bill could render to Florida's waters.

FIVE NEW FLORIDA CLUBS AFFILIATE

Many new Clubs have become affiliated since the beginning of the Federation's fiscal year. The latest organizations coming into the Federation are:

Broward County Air Boat Association of Ft. Lauderdale. Fred Odum, President, and William A. Kane, Secretary.

West Coast Rod & Gun Club of Tarpon Springs. Manuel Johnson, President, Nick Pessas, Secretary, C. V. Green, Treasurer.

East Hillsborough Fish and Game Club of Plant City. Floyd Hogan, President, F. L. Hogan, Secretary, and Arthur Tickle, Treasurer.

Northwest Florida Sportsmen's Club of DeFuniak Springs. Thomas D. Beasley, President, Buford B. Toole, Secretary.

Air Boat Conservation Club of Palm Beach County of West Palm Beach. Dewitt Upthegrove, Secretary.

FIREARMS BIG ISSUE

Local Sportsmen began to gather forces for a bitter fight when the Volusia County Commission voted unanimously to endorse a proposal to seek legislation calling for the compulsory registration of all firearms sold in the County.

The Halifax Hunting and Fishing Club has informed the National Rifle Association of the proposal, as well as the Conservation Editors of the National Sports Magazines. The matter will be seriously studied at a meeting of the County Council of Conservation Clubs, which in-

(Continued on Page 41)

OUTDOOR REVIEWER

(Continued from Page 36)

particular subject in which you're interested. Here then is a real deal . . . $15.50 for a set of three books on Mammals, Reptiles, Amphibians, insects, fish, birds . . . everything that exists on land, marsh and water.

This set of volumes is not merely the most complete and authoritative work of its kind that this writer has ever seen, it's also the most readable and alive. You'll read about the thousand and one things that you've heard about animals, particularly the human interest side of them. For instance many of us like to read jokes about ourselves and reading these books is like reading jokes about the animals. You'll enjoy the fascinating oddities of the animal world.

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Pictures are one of the highlights of THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. Over 500 drawings are the work of a staff of professional artists, and every sketch was drawn under the authors' exacting standards. You'll see the birth of a dolphin, the mudskipper fish take a walk on land, the courtship dance of the bird of paradise, and the African egg-eating snake at dinner . . . all in photographs.

Such a set of books belongs in everyone's lifetime library, and this writer feels that it's not too early to start thinking about Christmas gifts for friends of yours who hold an interest in THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

The Florida Duck

Most of our North American waterfowl are tourists at heart. They spend the long summer days lolling about the watering places in the north but with the first frosty warning of the pending frigid season they pick up bag and baggage and head southward toward milder climes.

There is one species of waterfowl however that deserves the palm from loyal Floridians. The Florida Duck, **Anas fulvigula fulvigula** to the scientifically inclined, is a true Cracker. The Floridas are born, raised, and stay out their life span in the land of sunshine.

The Florida Duck is reasonably abundant throughout the southern and central portions of the state. The all but impenetrable saw-grass sloughs about the great St. Johns River marshes, and the swampy lands around Lake Okeechobee and the Kissimmee River are especially favored by the species.

The Florida duck closely resembles the female mallard except for general coloration of the body plumage. On the wing, the Florida Duck and the Black Duck are, for all practical purposes, indistinguishable. Both the Florida and the Black show the same white wing-lining against the dark body, a sure identification of the flying Black in the north where the Florida Duck does not occur.

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FIREARMS BIG ISSUE

(Continued from Page 40)

cludes five county organizations.

More than 12 million Sportsmen throughout the United States have been fighting any kind of legislation which might interfere with our constitutional right to bear arms. (Fifth Amendment)

There are already certain regulations in Florida whereby a purchaser of a pistol or revolver must register his name with the authorized dealer. Our main objection to compulsory registration of all firearms with the Sheriff's Office or Police Department is this: In case of war the first place an enemy takes over is the law enforcement agencies, where they would have access to the owners of all firearms in the community. Such was the case in Europe and many other countries of the world.

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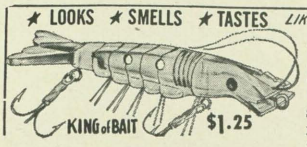

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EGRET

(American Egret, Great White Heron)

By Bill Waller

This snowy white bird, with his yellow bill slightly blackish at the tip, and glossy black legs is one of our most beautiful water birds. Yet this lovely inhabitant of coasts and marshes was on the verge of becoming extinct only a few years ago.

These birds were ruthlessly hunted for their snow white "aigrettes" or "ospreys", the long nuptial plumes they wear during the breeding season. These were used extensively in the millinery trade and at one time brought as high as thirty two dollars an ounce. Since

these plumes not only at their best, but easiest to secure when the adult birds were gathered together in large rookeries, the small nestlings were left to die when the parent birds were destroyed.

Now, however, thanks to the intervention of the American Audubon rigidly enforced laws protect the egrets and they once again occupy most of their original range in the United States even though they are still hunted extensively in other countries.

They feed on all sorts of aquatic life and are especially valuable to rice farmers because of their heavy consumption of crayfish.

Egrets lay only three to five eggs and nest near water, sharing their rookeries with herons, cormorants, and anhingas.

Their usual voice is a hoarse rattling croak, rather a ludicrous sound from such a lovely bird. END

THE FLORIDA DUCK

(Continued from Page 41)

In hand, the light tawny head and neck of the Florida Duck serves to separate the species from the closely related Black Duck.

Of all the species of surface feeding or "puddle" ducks, the Florida Duck consumes the highest percentage of animal foods, up to 41 percent of the total volume taken according to waterfowl biologists. Smartweeds, grasses, tubers and seeds of sedges, lilies, and coontail, and the seeds of widgeon grass and pondweeds constitute the most important vegetable items eaten.

Molluscs constitute the main portion of animal food, although insects and crustaceans are both important. A small percentage of fish may be taken, but the total is insignificant both in volume and in effect on fish populations.

The nest is constructed on the ground, most often close to the water but sometimes as far as 300 yards back from the water's edge. The eight to 10 eggs are laid in a downlined grass nest located under a bush or otherwise screened so that the nest is not normally visible from above.

Because the bird occupies such a restricted range and there is no out of state migration, the Florida Duck is of minor interest to gunners in other states. However, local hunters harvest the crop in a most adequate manner during the regular waterfowl season.

The Florida Duck is a large mottled brown bird lacking a lobe on the hind toe. The wing feathers are very light on the under surface, the neck and head are tawny, the bill orange or yellow-green, and the speculum (the colored barring on the wings) is greenish to dark purple bordered front and back with black, and sometimes, with a white line in back. The species is slightly smaller than the closely related and similarly appearing Black Duck.

Probably because it is not hunted to anything approaching the degree to which the Black is sought, the Florida Duck is much less shy. Even though it is closely allied to the Black Duck and to the Mottled Duck, **Anas fulvigula maculosa**, of Louisiana and Texas, no case of hybridism or crossing between the species has been recorded.

In spite of the high percentage of animal food in the Florida Duck's diet, the bird is of excellent table quality judging from the reports of waterfowlers who regularly gun the marshes within the range of the species. END

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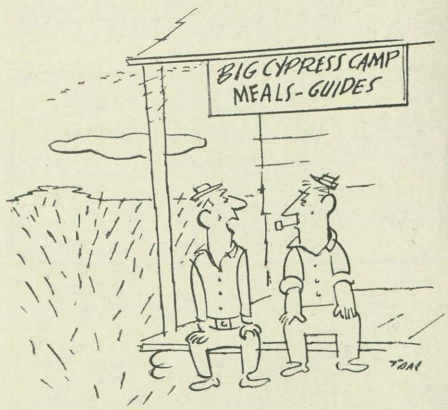

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